

# The Bismarck Tribune.

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NO. 9.

## TRIBUNE SPECIALS.

Graphic Account of the Incidents of the Surrender of Sitting Bull.

The Noted Chief Places His Rifle in the Hands of His Six Year Old Son.

And Thus Presents it to Major Brotherton, Asking That He May Live in Peace.

Verbatim Report of the Speech of the Wily Warrior Telegraphed to Tribune Readers.

The Condition of the Growing Crops—Not Half An Average in Southern Minnesota.

Central Minnesota Equal to Other Years, and Brilliant Prospects For Dakota.

The Strike of the Railroad Men in Minneapolis Continues—Effect Upon the Great Mills.

### Speech of Sitting Bull.

*Special Dispatch to the Daily Tribune.*

FORT BUFDORD, July 21.—The surrender of the noted chief continues to be the subject of interest here and in response to your telegram I hasten to telegraph you the incidents of yesterday when a council was held with Sitting Bull and his chiefs, in the course of which Major Brotherton made known to Sitting Bull the course which the

GOVERNMENT INTENDS TO PURSUE towards him and his tribe. The Major said he would join a large portion of his tribe at Fort Yates, and that so long as they were peaceable and behaved themselves they would be treated kindly and considerately.

Sitting Bull was accompanied by his son, six years old, and after surrendering his rifle to Major Brotherton, through the hands of the child, he said:

### Speech by SITTING BULL.

"I surrender this rifle to you through my youngest son, whom I desire to teach in this manner that he has become a friend of the Americans. I wish him to learn the habits of the whites, and to be educated as their sons are educated. I wish it to be remembered that I was the last man of my tribe to

### SURRENDER MY RIFLE.

This boy has given it to you, and he now wants to know how he is going to make a living. Whatever you have to give or whatever you have to say, I would like to receive or hear it now, for I don't wish to be kept in darkness longer. I have sent several messengers in here from time to time, but none of them have returned with news. Other chiefs,

### CROW KING AND GALL,

have not wanted me to come, and I have never received good news from here. I now wish to be allowed to live this side of the line or the other as I see fit. I wish to continue my old life of hunting, but would like to be allowed to trade on

### BOTH SIDES OF THE LINE.

This is my country and I don't like to give it up."

He then said he would like to have his daughter, who is at Fort Yates, sent up to visit him, and that he wanted to get his people together again and

### LIVE IN PEACE

with the white man. After the council the Indians were given blankets and placed in charge of Capt. Clifford, who will look after them until they are sent to the Standing Rock agency.

### Crop Reports

*Special Dispatch to the Daily Tribune.*

MINNEAPOLIS, July 21.—Crop reports telegraphed to the Minneapolis Tribune, up to, and including this evening, from all parts of Minnesota and along the line of the North Pacific railroad in Dakota are summarized as follows:

In southeast Minnesota the crop has been seriously damaged by chinch bugs and rust, some of the fields being almost destroyed. The average of this section has been reduced one-half from these causes. In central Minnesota the crops

will be nearly up to the average. Along the line of the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba road the reports are good and the harvest will be of average quantity and fine quality. Only the most favorable news comes from Dakota. In the Missouri, Jim and Red river valleys wheat looks magnificent, and the prospects are of the largest yield ever harvested. The grasshoppers did little harm, and have mostly left. Farmers all over this state are busy in harvesting barley and oats, which crops are excellent. The corn crop seems to be in an unusually fine condition, and will yield large returns. Most of the farmers will begin their wheat harvest next week.

### A Serious Strike.

*Special Dispatch to the Daily Tribune.*

MINNEAPOLIS, July 21.—The strike which occurred among the yard and switchmen in the Minneapolis & St. Louis yards a day or two ago still continues, and is getting to be a serious matter. The mills are all shutting down for lack of transportation for wheat and flour. Both parties continue to hold out. The switchmen demand \$55 per month and foremen \$65 per month of twenty-six days' work, of ten hours each, both to receive extra pay at the same rate for extra time. The railroad offer \$1.80 per day to switchmen and \$60 a month to foremen, but will allow no extra time.

### ELECTRIC SPARKS.

The Garfield fund has reached \$152,000.

Better than ever is reported in the President's case.

Minneapolis has contributed nearly \$6,000 to the New Ulm sufferers.

The iron trade advanced the price of bar iron yesterday one-tenth of a cent.

The cut in railroad rates continues, and it is now cheaper to come West than it is to stay East.

The factory and ware rooms of the Cincinnati coffin company burned Tuesday, with a loss of \$225,000.

It is estimated that four hundred miles of railroad will be built in Wisconsin this year, against ninety miles in 1880.

Shipments of wheat from Duluth during the week ending July 15: Elevator A, 18,559; elevator B, 65,205.20; total, \$3,764.20.

The contract for the construction of the road bed of the Hastings & Stillwater branch was let last evening to Wells, Harrison & Shute, of Milwaukee. Work will be commenced at once.

The doctors now assert positively that if Garfield has a liver there is a bullet hole in it. The wound has been probed five and one-half inches, which settles a much disputed question.

The number of persons left absolutely destitute by the New Ulm disaster is a little over one thousand, though there are many more who have lost heavily. The wounded are all doing well, and it is now believed that most of them will recover.

B. E. Ryan, of St. Paul, a conductor on the east bound freight on the Sioux City road, was knocked off his train at 10:30 Wednesday night by a projecting timber while crossing the railroad bridge over the Watonwan river at Madelia. The injuries are fatal.

Particulars of the cyclone at Winnebago City begin to be received. The storm was of unusual fury, and swept a track of several miles in length and a mile in width. It first struck the barn of F. Schoall, which was totally destroyed. Mr. Schoall was at the barn at the time trying to close the doors, when he was thrown to the ground, and struck in the back by flying timber, breaking three ribs from his backbone. His life was spared of, but now it is expected that he will pull through. Other buildings were damaged, but no one killed.

Seaside item: "Tell me what it is, darling," he said reassuringly, taking her hand and drawing closer. "Don't keep anything from me." "Oh! Eugene!" she blushingly replied. "But there ought to be no secrets between us," he expostulated. "True love is the very spirit of confidence." "It's something I have been going to ask you for a long time." "Then let me know it now," he added ardently, with a tender pressure of her hand. "I will," she said, summoning up courage, "what is good for corns?"

Twine for cord-binders at W. H. Thruitt & Co's.

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## PRESS REPORT.

### A Little of it Very Late at Night Comes Over the Eastern Wires.

### The Attending Physicians Still Continue to Announce the President As Improving.

### At Albany There is Considerable Excitement, and Affairs Will Soon Come to a Crisis.

### The Stalwarts Chargeable With Delaying An Election to Keep Robertson Out of Office.

### Situation at Albany.

[The eastern lines were in working order so short a time last night that the TRIBUNE Albany special giving the result of the balloting in joint convention was not received. It is evident, however, from the following associated press telegram that there was no election, and that Lapham, the caucus nominee, received about the same votes on the day before.]

—EDITOR.

ALBANY, July 21.—There is more activity at the hotels to-night than for several weeks. The half breeds and stalwarts are apparently greatly exercised. The stalwarts are demanding a caucus, and intimating that they will go as far as to vote for the nomination of Lapham. The half breeds stand firm against a caucus, but will not admit that they are responsible for the existence of the dead lock.

They say it is only to put them in that position that the stalwarts are now clamoring for a caucus, and are claiming that had one been held at the commencement of the contest an election would have taken place the next day. The democrats are also considerably exercised. They know they can break the deadlock by simply enough remaining absent to allow the election of Lapham, but fear to do this, as it will render themselves liable to conclusions of having been bribed. Some of them think they ought to run that risk inasmuch as they think they are being made "tools" of by the stalwarts.

They say the stalwarts while ostensibly demanding a caucus base their holding out on that ground, but their real object is to prevent Senator Robertson from taking the chairmanship. They say to accomplish that, the stalwarts would stand out until the 31st of December next. The democrats are seriously considering whether they shall not break the dead lock, and appeal to the people to sustain, and at the same time relieve them, from any unjust suspicion.

### Official Bulletin.

WASHINGTON, July 21.—Executive Mansion, p. m.—The President has had another good day. At 1 p. m. his pulse was 92; temperature 98.4; respiration 19. At 7 p. m., pulse 97; temperature 99.9; respiration 19.

[Signed] D. W. BLISS,  
J. K. BARNES,  
J. J. WOODWARD,  
ROBERT REYBURN.

### Auction Sale.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., July 21.—The first piece of the A. & W. Sprague property was sold at auction this afternoon under the direction of the trustee and committee of creditors. It was a wharf on Indiana street, and sold for \$20,000. Before the sale an announcement was made that all the property had been attached.

### Chicago Races.

CHICAGO, July 2.—The races were postponed on account of rain.

### There Is a Difference in Girls.

[New York Herald.] A London paper regrets that in some public places young ladies are not free from insolent, unwelcome attentions; and mentions a case where a young lady was embraced and kissed against her will. English girls sometimes call for the police. It is different in our west. A Wyoming girl met a bear on the highway, and it made demonstrations which caused her to fear that she was to be hugged. She made the first attack and the bear died.

At the Fourth of July celebration at Mitchell, White Ghost, chief of the Yanktonians, followed the orator of the day in a speech, in which he said: "Thirteen years ago my camp was at Firesteel, and we ran a herd of 5,000 buffalos right over the ground you now stand on."

### Troops for the Extension.

Special order No. 124, issued from headquarters department of Dakota, dated Fort Snelling, July 12, 1881, contains the following information of local interest:

"Major Lewis Merrill, Seventh cavalry, is charged with the control of the troops to be employed during the summer in protecting the operations of the North Pacific railroad company between the Little Missouri and the Tongue rivers. He will proceed to take temporary station at Camp Porter, but will move from point to point on the line of the railroad whenever he may find it advisable to do so. The troops which are placed at Major Merrill's disposal and under his command are the following, viz:

The companies of infantry (A, Eleventh and B, Seventeenth), now at Camp Porter, M. T.; Troop F, Seventh cavalry (Capt. Bell); troop E, Second cavalry (Capt. Higgins); company I, Fifth infantry (Lieut. Borden commanding), and the battalion under Capt. Moylan, now on the Little Missouri river, consisting of troops A and G, Seventh cavalry, and company A, Twenty-fifth infantry.

The commanding officer, Cantonment, Bad Lands, will obey all instructions which he may receive from Major Merrill.

Capt. Moylan and Capt. Bell, Seventh Cavalry will report by letter to Major Merrill at Camp Porter. Captain Higgins and Lieutenant Borden, will continue to act under the orders which they have received from the commanding officer at Fort Keogh until they shall have received orders from Major Merrill.

Major Merrill will make such disposition of the troops placed at his disposal as in his judgment will best accomplish the object of giving complete and thorough protection to the property of the railroad company, the men employed by it and the settlers along the line and in the vicinity of the road. He will promptly report to headquarters all action taken and all orders issued by him.

### Trouble for the North Pacific.

[Helena Independent.] Farmers on the Hell Gate are giving the North Pacific railroad considerable trouble. Thirteen of them recently refused to permit the graders to work on their farms. Commissioners were appointed to appraise the value of their lands and performed that duty. Three of the farmers have since made satisfactory arrangements with the company, but the remaining ten daily refuse the graders to proceed over their lands. These decline to make any terms, either with the commissioners or the company. If this thing continues the company will doubtless conclude that they have reached the entrance of the infernal regions or at least that the country is well named.

### The Largest Mill in the World.

The Pillsbury "A" the largest flouring mill in the world, is rapidly approaching completion in East Minneapolis. A few figures will give a better idea of the vastness of the structure than any written words. The mill is to be equipped with 200 grinding apparatuses, consisting of 180 rollers and 20 burs; it will convert into flour 100 car loads of wheat per day, requiring two trains per day to supply it with wheat and an equal number to haul off the flour. Twelve miles of belting will be necessary to run the machinery and transmit the power obtained from the Falls to each department of the mighty structure. Three hundred men are actively employed putting on the finishing touches and it will be in readiness for this fall's crop.

### Everybody.

The high, the rich, the poor and the public generally. I wish to announce that there is no one in the Northwest, in my line of business, who handles as large an assortment of fine liquid goods, both foreign and domestic, as can be found at the Minnehaha, Bismarck.

C. R. WILLIAMS

The western terminus of the Southern Minnesota division of the Milwaukee road is Madison, Lake county.

Ed. Gardner, one of the oldest settlers of Clay county, visited Sioux City circus day and took his first ride on a railroad

Mr. Julien, of Morris, caught a large catfish last week, and on cleaning it discovered a hen's egg inside. The question now agitates some minds is how the egg came there. It could be easily answered if the truth were known.

## GLENDIVE GLEANINGS.

Interesting Items Indicative of the Growth of the City on the Yellowstone.

Newsy Budget From the "Other End" of the Missouri Division of the N. P.

Hope S. Davis is erecting a frame drug store.

Nolan & Taylor are building a frame dwelling.

Douglas has commenced building a large two-story frame store.

There is a fine opening harness shop and for a hardware store.

Lots are selling rapidly, and confidence in the town is daily increasing.

Robert Pautel is building a frame dwelling, and expects his family next week.

Robert McKee is building a new hotel. The house is a ready made frame, and is of good size.

The steamboatmen have indulged in the usual strike, even the mate of the Batchelder joining in this time.

H. A. Bruns & Co., T. C. Kurtz, manager, have erected two enormous warehouses, and have them filled with goods.

Robinson & Gardner are entertaining about 150 people daily, and to accommodate them are making extensive improvements.

Bell has changed his establishment into an opera house, and has secured an excellent troupe, and is giving an entertainment every night.

Weeks & Prescott have put in a store front, put on a shingle roof and put down a floor, and the postoffice presents a decidedly neat appearance.

Good order is preserved, and yet since the town was started a few months ago, nine violent deaths have occurred. No one feels insecure, however, and yet a row could be found if one were to hunt for it, almost any time.

Since the railroad commenced work Glendive is booming. When the TRIBUNE correspondent was in town last week there was not a shingle roof or a building having a floor in the city. Since then carpenters and lumber have come in, and the improvement is simply wonderful.

Work has commenced on the river and city warehouses. The railroad company have about forty carpenters at work. The water tank is completed. Over four thousand tons of freight have already arrived, and the steamers are now making regular trips to Miles City. There is a lack of river transportation, however, and there is likely to be an immense amount of work for teams later in the season.

### Extension Notes.

A telegraph station has been established at Powder river.

Rattlesnake Johnson is the name of the devil in the Yellowstone Journal office.

Eighteen hours from Glendive is the time now being made by the Keogh stages.

The Yellowstone is falling fast, and uneasiness is felt least the freight for Miles City and other up river points will not all get through.

John Smith, of the celebrated Cottagealon, Miles City, is having manufactured for him in the east an elegant championship billiard cue, which he will give to the best player. This magnificent cue cost \$75

# The Bismarck Tribune.

BISMARCK, DAKOTA

ALL signs portend that the price of wheat will be well maintained the coming season. Every precaution should be taken to make it of the highest grade.

This death-rate record is mounting up with the thermometer in eastern and southern cities. On several days the mercury was reported as high as 100 above zero.

SECRETARY BLAINE says there are 1,000,000 applications for office on file in Washington. It would be a sensible thing to burn all of those received previous to the incoming of the present administration, and to make room for those to come.

RECENT decisions of the District and Supreme courts of Minnesota, and of the United States Circuit court, are decidedly in favor of the people in regard to responsibility for railroad accidents, and will serve a good purpose in making railroad corporations more careful of the lives of patrons, and employees.

BUSINESS failures for the first six months of 1881 in number amount to 2,862 as compared with 2,497 in first half of 1880, and 4,018 in 1879. The liabilities for the first half are stated to be forty millions of dollars compared with thirty-three millions in first six months of 1880, and sixty-five millions in 1879.

THE following utterance of Gen. Garfield, which quieted a raging mob in New York on the day after Lincoln's assassination, is especially pertinent to the present situation: "Fellow citizens: Clouds and darkness are round about Him. His pavilion is dark waters and thick clouds of the skies! Justice and judgment are the establishment of His throne! Fellow citizens, God reigns, and the government at Washington still lives."

THE Supreme Court of Wisconsin has just decided that speculative dealings in grain, in which there is no intention to deliver on one hand, and receive and pay for on the other, are unlawful and clearly come within the part of the statute forbidding gambling and betting. This class of transactions constitute the principal business of the various boards of trade, and the court will not enforce contracts of the kind referred to in the suit.

THE number of casualties on the Fourth of July was much less than usual. The deaths were at the minimum owing in a great degree to the virtual suspension of dangerous amusements, on account of the great national misfortune at Washington. Extensive preparations had been made to celebrate in every direction, but all demonstrations were abandoned with patriotic unanimity on learning that the president of the nation had been stricken down by the bullet of an assassin.

THE unprecedented immigration from foreign countries this year has caused the presentation at the east of the other side of the question, and points are made that this nation has reached a period in its growth where its policy should be to preserve its heritage for coming generations, and not to donate it to all the strangers we can induce to come among us; that no greater fallacy was ever launched than the doctrine that the value of immigration to a nation can under all circumstances be measured by money. It is argued with force that the effect of vast and indiscriminate immigration, is to deprive our own immediate descendants of the advantages enjoyed by ourselves, to compel them to compete with labor thus introduced on unequal terms, to concentrate more and more the wealth in the hands of few, to widen the gulf already too broad between the workmen and the capitalist, to reduce the numbers and importance of the independent yeomanry that are the real strength of every people, and to multiply the white slaves of our great commercial and manufacturing centres.

COLONEL MITCHELL of Hancock's staff had seen a great deal of active and dangerous service. He had been under fearful fire of shot and shell in the bloodiest engagements of the war, and in all respects was a model soldier, emulating on every field the gallantry of his chief. Vacancy after vacancy had been filled under previous administrations, and other officers of inferior rank and vastly inferior records advanced. Col. Mitchell was deserving of promotion, and General Hancock, knowing it, asked the president to confer it. This Mr. Garfield has promptly done, and it is more than probable that the two men know one another a great deal better than they did a few months ago, and are all the better for the knowledge. It is a little more of this sort of courtesy that the people would like to see in politics as well as official circles. By a singular coincidence the last letter written by President Garfield was to Gen. Hancock informing him of the promotion of Colonel Mitchell. It was dated Friday, was friendly and pleasant in tone, and could not have but pleased the recipient. The letter informed General Hancock that Colonel Mitchell had been appointed Assistant Adjutant General of the Army, and after apologizing for depriving the General's staff of an excellent officer, concluded: "While your staff, General, loses an ornament, the army gains an Assistant Adjutant General of whom it may well feel proud."

## CURRENT NEWS.

### RAILROADS.

It is announced by Col. Newport, editor of the Northern Pacific, that the suits against Messrs. Power and Kindred are to be prosecuted vigorously by the Northern Pacific company.

Gen. Herman Haupt, president of the Little Falls & Dakota Railroad company, has filed a certificate in the office of the secretary of state of Minnesota that at a meeting of the board of directors of said company, held on July 4, article 4 of the articles of incorporation had been amended, so as to make the highest amount of indebtedness or liability to which the said incorporation shall at any time be subject shall not exceed \$20,000 for each mile of its line and branches.

Sheriff Bartelson has served on De Graff & Co., contractors for the Fergus & Black Hills road in the Pelican Valley, a temporary injunction issued by the district court, upon the application of the Manitoba company. The defendant company claims that they surveyed and started their line last fall prior to the beginning of operations by the Manitoba company; that they had secured the right of way for nearly the full line; that they had commenced proceedings to condemn the bar-

ence.

### WEEKLY RECORD OF CRIMES.

There are no decisive developments in the Durand tragedy. The pursuing party, now swelled to 100 well armed men, is still on the war path, patrolling the country.

D. H. C. Buck, of Wapaca, was attacked by Indians near Clifton, Monroe county, Wis., severely beaten and robbed of \$1,800 and a gold watch. There is no clue to the robbery.

At Mame, near Wapaca, Wis., a shoemaker named Henry Bratmer was set upon by three river men from Oshkosh, one named J. O'Brien, one John Vautiner and the other unknown, and was wounded and kicked to death. O'Brien pounded Bratmer's head to a jelly with stones, and the rivermen, who had hidden caskets in their boats, jammed them into their defenseless victim, all over his body. The murder began by a fight started by O'Brien.

The Chicago Daily News says that the wife of Dr. Strohsky died recently, and the doctor applied for a burial permit on certificate that she died of asthma of the lungs, and some questions aroused suspicion that she had died on account of an overdose of chloroform administered by her husband, and that he had extorted from her a statement, which, it is said, he has in his possession, that she had committed suicide. It is said the couple lived happily.

The steamer City of New Orleans arrived at New York having on board Quiseppe Espoto alias Radzio, the noted Italian brigand who escaped from his native country some years ago, and has since been living in New Orleans, where he was recently captured at instance of the Italian consul. He is charged with a terrible catalogue of crimes. He was chief of a band of robbers who infested the island of Sicily and especially the neighborhood of Palermo, robbing, murdering, and holding captured travelers for ransom.

A robbery of surprising audacity was committed in New York on Friday. Charles Messersmidt, a clerk in the employ of Jacob Ruber's brewery, drove in a light wagon from the brewery at Ninety-second street and Thirtieth avenue down to deposit some money in the German & Nassau bank. With him in the wagon was G. A. Kerlan, office boy. They carried \$9,310 in bills done up in a package and a bag filled with silver dollars. At forty-seventh street their wagon was run into by a vendor's wagon in which three robbers were seated. The robbers were all masked and branched pistols. One jumped into the wagon collared Messersmidt, holding a pistol to his head. Another robber seized the package of bills and silver, but dropped the latter as it was too heavy. Checks to the amount of \$9,400, which Messersmidt carried in his pocket, were not touched. The thieves drove furiously down Lexington avenue, and at Thirty-eighth street turned into Third avenue and disappeared.

### FIRE AND OTHER CASUALTIES.

At Leadville, John D. Jones, a miner, fell into a 200 foot shaft in the Denver City mine, resulting in instant death.

At Rockford, Ill., Willie Cain, aged ten, was drowned by Ralph B. Richards and Edward S. Glass, aged fourteen and eleven years, to whom he refused to give up twenty-five cents.

Baltimore special: Within the past few days eight children have died of lockjaw, superinduced by what appeared to be trifling burns caused by discharging paper caps on toy pistols. Three fatal cases of lockjaw were reported. In each instant death was preceded by most agonizing sufferings.

The whaler Thomas Pope (Capt. Millard) arrived at San Francisco from the Arctic regions. She left the strait June 21. The day before leaving she spoke to the whaler Progress Capt. Barker, and from her learned that the Indians near East Cape had found the two missing whalers, Vigilant and Mount Wollaston. They found three corpses only on board the Vigilant. From their appearance it was evident that they had died in the first year of their captivity in the ice.

The body of L. K. Pugh, son of ex-Senator Pugh, has been found by Scout Mix near Corseal, Chihuahua, horribly mutilated. He was tortured to death in a terrible manner, and after death, three shots were fired into his body. A paper was found on the road near the place where Pugh was captured. The paper bears these words: "The finder of this is entitled to \$100 on delivering it to Marmon & Co., Chihuahua. I am a prisoner among the Indians. Do what you can for me."

### NEWS FROM WASHINGTON.

The treasury is shipping, principally to southern banks, a large amount of silver dollars.

Under the new appropriation for the fiscal year of 1882, now available, Dr. Loring, the new commissioner of agriculture, will make many improvements in bringing the department of which he is to head to the standard of efficiency.

Col. J. S. Mosby, consul general at Hong Kong, has no intention, it is said, of returning home at an early date, as heretofore reported, but will remain at his post for the present. It is also said that President Garfield was largely instrumental in Mosby's appointment to his present position.

Senator M. C. Butler of South Carolina has arrived with Gen. P. M. B. Young of Georgia, from a visit to Gen. Ross in Minnesota. They have traveled far and wide over the state, and seem to have enjoyed themselves immensely.

The senator is tanned to the color of an Indian. He expresses himself in the warmest terms of the resources of Minnesota and the industry and thrift of the people.

Senator Conkling was in Washington Thursday and in the morning he drove out with Mr. Jones, who is still sick, and called at the White House. He inquired as to the president's condition and expressed profound satisfaction at the announcement of the physicians that they had reason to believe the patient was practically out of danger, and was doing as well as could have been hoped.

Commander Henry Glase, commanding the United States steamer Jamestown at Sitka, Alaska, has forwarded to the navy department a long and interesting report upon the condition of affairs in that territory. He says the Indians are everywhere quiet. An industrial school for boys has been established at Sitka under the auspices of the Presbyterian board of missions, New York. Twenty Indian boys selected for their intelligence and good conduct are in attendance. The number will be increased from time to time from boys of other tribes of

Alaska. It is intended to teach the scholars that they may in turn become teachers among different tribes.

### CURRENT EVENTS.

Agents from Colorado are at Castle Garden to obtain farm laborers. Gould and others interested in Texas are offering emigrants tickets to that state at \$25.

The finance committee of the North American Seengerfest at Chicago reported receipts \$53,000, expenses \$1,000. The expenses of visiting associations having been paid out of receipts. This is considered a very satisfactory result.

Several deaths are reported in New York from lockjaw occasioned by explosions of toy pistols in the hands of youths on the Fourth of July. Baltimore reports fifteen persons dead from the same cause and three more sure to die. In town all about here the toy pistol did its death.

Miss Williams, the finest and most accomplished equestrienne in England, who comes out to vanquish our American equestrian champion, fails from Liverpool on the steamship Wyoming on Saturday, July 30th, and will probably reach Minneapolis about the 10th to 12th of August, when she will go into the most rigorous training for her great contest with Miss Fannie Cooke.

Judge Nathan Clifford, of the United States supreme bench, is reported to be dying at Portland, Me. For more than a year he has been physically and mentally incapable of discharging his duties of his position. Old age and physical infirmities have crept upon him, but though recognizing his failings he has steadfastly refused to resign his position, in the confident hope that he would soon be able to discharge his duties.

A letter from Westminster, Carroll county, Md., says Robert Bell (colored) died, aged somewhere in the eighties. His life was known to have been insured in a large aggregate sum, and his death and insurance policies were the chief topics of conversation. Quite a number are interested in the policies, and the whole amount is said to be over \$200,000. It is said that \$175,000 had been taken on his life in the past two or three weeks, one syndicate investing \$55,000.

The firm of T. G. Thomas & Co., general merchants of El Paso, Pierce county, Wis., seventeen miles southwest from River Falls, have been closed up by their creditors. The exact state of affairs has not yet been developed but enough is known to warrant the fear that it is a failure. The first claim filed against the firm was that of Thos. Huley of El Paso for rent, amounting to upwards of \$1,000. This was followed by that of Averbach, Finch & Van Slyke of St Paul for \$500, and by Coyden Bros. & Co., of Minneapolis, for \$400. Others will no doubt follow.

One of the most notable weddings that has occurred in Milwaukee for some time took place at St. Gall's church on the 13th. The contracting parties were Miss Estella E. Dunbar, of Waukesha, and L. Huffer, Jr., of Paris, France. The bridal party and a large number of friends arrived by special train at the Plankinton house from Waukesha. The other train brought a still larger number of guests to witness the wedding of Waukesha's favorite daughter. Miss Dunbar is a daughter of the founder of Waukesha, and the discoverer of its medical waters, and Mr. Huffer is a Parisian of great wealth.

### FOREIGN FLASHES.

In the house of commons the speaker read Bradlaugh's letter stating his disregard of the house expelling him. The speaker informed the house that he had given the order which was that Bradlaugh be excluded from the premises of the house until he promised not to further disturb its proceedings.

The London Morning Post prints the following prominently: "We have reason to believe that in the course of a few days France intends to mobilize 120,000 men and ask the chamber for credits for the dispatch and employment of troops for three months. This extraordinary step is based upon the necessity of immediately securing tranquility and safety in the French possessions in northern Africa. Bartholomew St. Hilaire, minister of foreign affairs, will address the representatives of the powers, explaining the motives of the movement, giving them to understand that France is prepared to take whatever further measures she may deem requisite for the protection of her interests whenever menaced."

A London, Ont., dispatch to the Cincinnati Enquirer says: After years of patient searching and the difficulties which poverty has raised, a workman in the Great Western railroad car shops in this city has traced up what seems to be an indisputable claim. It will be remembered that some years ago the earl of Mar died without leaving a direct heir to his immense estate; and by right of succession a nephew, Lord Kellie, assumed the title and property of the dead nobleman, valued at \$100,000,000. Now, however, it has been discovered that the earl had a son, and that son is believed to be John Francis Erskine of this city.

### The President's Condition.

MONDAY JULY 11  
In the early part of the day the president's fever increased and his temperature to 102 degrees. Death almost always follows an increase of temperature to 104 degrees and consequently there was considerable alarm.

At a later hour the temperature lowered to the usual figure, and other symptoms were more favorable.

### TUESDAY JULY 12.

At 7 o'clock the president was awake and ready for his milk and rum, and Private Secretary Brown sent a special bulletin to members of the cabinet stating that the fever had passed away and that the president's condition was much improved. Late in the afternoon the fever rose and the temperature to 102 4, occasioning some alarm, but during the evening his condition improved. There is evidently a growing fear of a fatal result.

### WEDNESDAY JULY 13.

To-day has been looked forward to with some anxiety, for it was said that the danger of secondary hemorrhage or of peritonitis would probably end at the expiration of the period now elapsed. The patient was therefore watched with more than ordinary scrutiny, and his condition to-night gives his friends cause for increased hope of his recovery.

Secretary Blaine said in conversation that the bulletins could be taken in perfect confidence, and that the president's recovery might be considered almost removed from any question of uncertainty, as was indicated by his dispatch to-day to Minister Lowell. Mr. Blaine has now perfect confidence in the president's recovery.

### THURSDAY, JULY 14.

The best day since the wound. His regular afternoon fever was lighter than ever before. He perspired very freely during the day, and that fact is another evidence that the fever is breaking. The president has taken more solid food than in any corresponding number of hours heretofore, and has eaten it with relish. He has suffered no pain when moved or in dressing his wound, and continues bright and cheerful. Being asked whether any serious unfavorable symptoms are likely to appear now that the crisis has passed, Dr. Reyburn said: I should not like to promise an uninterrupted and unvarying course of improvement, but at the same time I may say there is at present every prospect of the president's recovery.

### FRIDAY, JULY 15.

The attending physicians practically admit that the president is out of danger and that if no unfavorable development takes place he will soon be recovered sufficiently to transact the necessary executive business, in so far as signing papers and the execution of routine duty is concerned.

### Ex-Senator Conkling's Campaign.

On the 11th a vote was taken for each vacancy with no result. Rumors were current

that Mr. Conkling would withdraw and that Lapham and Miller will be elected.

On Tuesday, July 12th, the ballots showed no special change. Negotiations are still in progress for a compromise.

On Wednesday 13th a ballot was no choice. The democrats threaten to force an adjournment, and give the stalwarts the choice of joining them or allowing the election of administration candidates. The end would seem to be near.

On the 14th the Assembly voted to adjourn Saturday by a vote of 62 to 61. The stalwarts say there will be neither an election or adjournment this week. The half-breeds claim both. The democrats say there will be an adjournment whether there is an election or not.

On the 15th there was a ballot, and no choice, but plenty of indications that the end is at hand.

### A TERRIBLE CRASH.

In the Shape of Runaway Freight Cars, Which Collided with an Almost Immoveable Train at Hudson—An Engineer Killed—Loss of Property \$50,000.

On Sunday morning, about 10 o'clock, a wild freight train containing forty-three cars and two large engines left the North Hudson, Wis., depot, bound eastward, with Frank Fowl and conductor, Mike Sullivan and John Griffith engineers, and the usual number of other attendants. When something like a mile and a half beyond North Wisconsin junction, which is about four and a half miles out from the city, the train was stopped to wood up, when started up one of the links broke, and fourteen of the rear cars started back on the steep grade of nearly eighty feet to the mile, and gained such velocity as to make recapture impossible. The maddened train, bearing death and ruin in its track, was seen to dash down on to the high bridge which crosses Willow river, like a wild demon of destruction. To add to the awfulness of the situation, another wild freight train, containing two fine, powerful engines, followed by forty-five cars, lay at the depot, about ready to start on its eastern-bound journey. There was but an instant for the runaway to be upon them, not more than forty-five seconds at the longest, as cool judges of speed say she was going at the rate of sixty miles an hour. The crowd, who happened to be standing at the station yelled to the firemen and engineers, "Jump, jump for your lives!" They all did jump just back in the nick of time. But poor George Trider, who either became dazed or thinking he might back his train and clear the way, stuck to his engine until the very instant of the collision, when he jumped through one of the cab windows, only to be struck dead by the flying pieces of broken cars.

The collision was terrible in the extreme. Think of two mammoth engines, backed by forty-five freight cars, as a resistance, met by fourteen loaded freights travelling at the rate of sixty miles an hour as a propelling force, and the facts in the case can be in measure computed. The telescoping took place a couple of rods below the depot from whence locomotives went, and the contents were propelled in one shattered mass through the trestle bridge into the pond opposite Comstock, Clark & Co.'s large mill. The loss is estimated at \$10,000.

Master Mechanic Ellis and his brother saw the wild cars coming and ran across the trestle to warn the men on the freight train to save themselves. All the men on the engine understood the warning and jumped, but Trider did not seem to at first comprehend why he should leave his engine. When he did realize what was the matter he reversed his engine in order to run the train back out of the way of the swiftly approaching cars. A moment later and the collision came.

Trider was on the forward engine of the freight train as the caboose of the wild train struck it and split in two. A portion of the car struck him in the forehead, smashing it in, crushing in his chest and breaking his arms and legs. He was horribly mutilated and death was instantaneous. Mr. Trider was a native of Nova Scotia, had been an engineer on the Omaha and Manitoba road, and has a son who is an engineer on the Manitoba.

### FATAL CASUALTIES.

## JUST FOR A LARK.

A large, light, airy trimming hall in the straw-works of Cushing & Co., Milford, Mass., where fifty nimble-fingered girls sat trimming hats in black, white and fancy straws which are piled up before each on the long, low desks.

Half of the girls are natives of Milford. Pretty, lady-like and well-dressed, they have little of the air and manner of the traditional shop girl. Most of them have pleasant homes, but prefer to earn their own spending money.

Lottie Richards, a high school graduate six months ago, pretty, piquant and mischievous, comes from the office with a dozen dainty white lace straw hats labelled "Artist," and takes her seat amid the clique of which she is an important factor.

"Aren't these lovely, nobby, something like artist's hats? Those rough-and-ready ones in green, yellow and brown straw that we trimmed yesterday were horrors. I should think they would give an artist the nightmare to look at them, much less wear them."

"Oh, my! they are too sweet for anything!" exclaimed Ella Moore, perching one on her brown head. "The artist who wears this ought to be tall and handsome, with long flowing hair, soft, dreamy eyes, and white, slender hands."

"If he's much of an artist, he'll have hard work to keep them white," laughed Julia Banks, who had dabbed some in crayon and water colors.

"Mr. Harley was just such a person," said Lottie. "You know I told you about him when I came back from Old Orchard last summer. I never could bear him, he was just such a foppish, conceited thing."

"Wouldn't it be funny if you should meet one of these hats down there this summer?" laughed Julia.

"Wouldn't it?" Lottie flashed back, as she threaded her needle and commenced to band one with black satin ribbon.

"You ought to put a private mark upon some of them, so that if you ever saw one you could claim it," suggested Ella.

"And its owner, too," supplemented Julia.

"Tell me something to put on, and I declare I'll do it," Lottie said, entering fairly into the spirit of the thing.

"Write something and put it inside the lining," suggested Dora Swift.

"Yes, do," chorused the rest.

"Splendid, girls! What shall it be?" exclaimed Lottie, as she adjusted the purple satin tip which bore "Artist" in golden capitals, and began sewing down the soft silk lining.

"Poetry," said Ella.

"Say that you want the owner of the hat for a husband and sign your name to it," said Dora Swift, with girlish adroitness.

"Yes, do!" exclaimed the others. "You may lay the foundation of a capital adventure."

"I will!" said Lottie, the spirit of mischief taking possession of her. On a small square of white paper she wrote in pencil: "If the owner hereafter of this hat is good-looking, agreeable, intellectual and has small feet and hands, the trimmer of hats, Lottie Richards, would like to have him for a husband."

L. R. M.—Mass.

"There, girls," as it was passed round from one to the other, "that is rather strong, I think, but here goes," Lottie said gaily, after banding her hat she laid the paper smoothly between the satin tip and the crown and sewed down the lining neatly. "You must do that one extra nice," said Ella.

"Yes, your destiny may hang upon that hat," said Dora, in mock solemn tones.

"I hope I'll have some fun out of it, anyway," said Lottie. "If I get into trouble it will be you girls for I should never have thought of it out for you."

"What trouble can you *ast* in?" asked Ella, arching her eyebrows.

"She has given her address; perhaps he'll come here to find her," said Dora.

"Wouldn't it be fun if he should?" exclaimed Juha. "But how is any one to find it, hid away in there?"

"Oh! we must trust to luck for the lining to get torn out in some way," laughed Ella.

The little matter settled, the girls hurried to make up for lost time. Lottie's nimble fingers flew, and a dainty flush stole into her tan cheek as she thought of the little flatties and compliments of which she was the recipient last summer, and how she must earn lots of money to buy things to make her look pretty the coming season in the eyes of the summer guests who boarded in her aunt's cozy home at Old Orchard.

We give an extract from a letter written from Lottie to her aunt's months later:

"Don't you think Ella, a gentleman came yesterday and took aunt's chamber, two flights up, and if he didn't come out to-day in a white lace hat just like those we trimmed last spring—even to the purple satin tips and pink lining? My tips are itching to get hold of it, but of course it is absurd to think that, among the thousands of lace hats sold, he should buy the one with my silly note in it. I should feel pretty cheap to have him get hold of it. He has the keenest pair of blue eyes I ever saw—not a bit dreamy, like the ideal artist who was to wear it, and he's awfully old—thirty at least, so of course, I couldn't fall in love with him. Aunt thinks he's handsome. I don't. He goes sketching every day, and has some lovely pictures in his room."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Well, how do you like them?"

Lottie darted a startled, guilty glance at Carl Clayton as he came softly up the carpeted stairway and caught her standing through the half-opened door at the pictures placed around the room in different positions. Bold marine skeletons, most of them, green, white-capped waves amid which fearless bathers plunged, dark tempests and tossing ships, golden sunset over a mirror-like sea.

"You need not feel so shy," he said, giving her a queer glance from beneath the shadow of that artist hat that had been tormenting her for weeks. I like to have my sketches admired. Please step inside I have a particular one to show you."

Lottie followed him shyly as he threw the door wide open, but somehow she could not meet the keen blue eyes that always made her heart flutter, why she did not understand. From a remote corner he took a large mounted canvas and held it before her a moment, with his eyes fixed upon her face, then turned it round suddenly. There was her own face, sweet and lovely, with the brown hair rippling over the low white brow, a dainty flush upon the soft oval cheek.

The dainty flush deepened until a crimson tide overspread her face. The first swift,

pleasurable surprise that brightened her soft brown eyes made Carl Clayton's heart leap with delight. Her lit face was a study.

"Oh, Mr. Clayton!" she faltered in sweet girlish confusion. "I—I did not think you had painted me."

"But I have you see." Then their eyes met a moment, but something in his made her want to get away from him. She murmured something about her aunt wanting her, and stole off to her room.

"What a little fool I am!" How my cheeks burn, and my heart is all in a flutter," she thought. "I wonder how he came to paint my picture. I wonder if I ever looked as well as that," glancing in the mirror, which gave an affirmative answer.

"A shy little bird, after all," Clayton thought as he put away the picture, but I'll cage her yet."

But he did not find it so easy a matter. He asked her to walk with him, but she had some pretex for refusing. She made a point of evading him everywhere, and never again ventured near his door.

He watched his chance one day when she went out for a lonely ramble along the shore. She grew tired after a while and clinged to a seat upon some rocks, where she could look out upon the billowy waters reflecting the afternoon sunlight. He had followed at a safe distance, and now came upon her suddenly.

"Why, Mr. Clayton," she said in surprise, rising to her feet, while the hot blood rushed to her face.

He placed his hand on her shoulders and gently forced her back to her seat, taking his place by her side.

"What makes you avoid me, Lottie?" He put his hand beneath her chin and compelled her eyes to meet his, only for a moment. They traveled up to the brim of the artist's hat, then fluttered and fell again.

"Lottie, I love you. Wont you be my little wife?" in a tone that sent a thousand eddying pulsations over her.

But who of womankind is so unsophisticated for coquetry? It comes by intuition to all of Eve's daughters.

She lifted her eyes to his brimful of laughter. "I do not love you," she said, and snatching away her hand from his she sprang off the rock and was away before he could recover from his surprise.

Before long he followed the same path home with a curious expression in his deep, handsome eyes.

She did not appear at the table until he had left it for the next two days. On the third afternoon, as he was stepping down the front stairway, he caught a glimpse of her, gliding into the cool, darkened parlor. The house was very quiet. Ten minutes later he opened the door softly and closed it after her. She started up from the sofa with a little cry as she saw who had cornered her.

He sat down beside her and took both her hands in his with a firm clasp. Lottie tried to free them, but she felt her strength going. She began to realize that she was to be mastered at last.

He waited till she was quiet; then said: "Lottie, I want an answer to the question I asked you three days ago."

" Didn't I answer you?" she asked, making a last effort to be heroic, though there was a suspicious tremor in her voice.

" You didn't mean it?"

" I did," she persisted.

" Be careful; don't prevaricate. Didn't you write to me that you wanted me for a husband?"

The sudden glance, half ashamed, half audacious, wholly surprised, that she flung upon him, was laughable.

He drew a pipe from his vest pocket and unfolded it. Sure enough there was her note turning up as unexpectedly as a lucky lottery ticket.

" Did you write this?"

" Yes; but I put in an 'if,' didn't I?" she asked archly. " If he is good-looking and agreeable, etc."

" Well, don't I answer the description?" he asked quizzically.

She looked up at him. He caught the gleam of a tender love light in her eyes struggling with coquettish mischief that sparkled there. Without another word he drew her within his arms and kissed her lips.

The action sealed her fate. She had fought bravely against his strange magnetic influence from the first, but he had conquered her.

" How did you happen to find that paper?" she asked, softly.

" I was examining the hat rather closely and detected it through the lace."

" Didn't you think it was a very bold thing to do?" she questioned, hiding her face against his breast.

" I knew it was a girlish freak. I did not feel sure you and the writer were identical until I asked your aunt if you trimmed hats in M. I came here to study the ocean in its various moods, but the discovery of the note led me to study the face of the girl who had done such an audacious thing," he concluded, drawing her closer to him.

\* \* \* \* \*

" I thought that he was awfully old, and not a bit handsome," said Ella when Lottie paid a visit to her late companion.

" I think now he's just perfect," said Lottie. " But I tried awful hard at first to keep from loving him."

" Didn't I suggest that your destiny might hang upon that?" asked Dora.

" It was so funny that he got it, wasn't it?" remarked Julia.

And Lottie thought it was.

## HOW THE ALABAMA SUNK.

Victory of the Kearsarge—A Bloody Scene on the Confederate Cruiser's Deck.

The Kearsarge steamed away to seaward until about nine or ten miles from the breakwater, when she veered and headed direct for the Alabama. That stopped the chaff the boys had been passing around about her having weakened and turned tail, and each one seemed to realize at last that this was to be no child's play. By this time about three miles intervened between the belligerents, which was rapidly being decreased. When within about a mile and a quarter from the Kearsarge the Alabama veered, presented her starboard broadside, and opened the ball by firing her one hundred and ten-pounder rifled pivot at an elevation for two thousand yards' range, followed simultaneously by a whole broadside.

The guns were worked and served with the utmost rapidity, and in a few minutes another broadside was poured in, when the Kearsarge, being by this time about eight hundred yards distant, presented her starboard battery and the firing became general. The spirit of carnage had begun to animate the crew and the desire to be the upper dog in the fight

stirred each man to emulation. A few broadsides passed when the Kearsarge, under full head of steam, forged ahead, steering so as to pass the Alabama stern and rake her fore and aft, and also get between her and the shore. This manoeuvre was checkmated by a port helm, causing both vessels to move in a circle revolving around a common centre distant from each other about five or six hundred yards. The firing, meantime, continued with unabated vigor.

The steady directness of the fire from the Kearsarge now began to be felt. The eleven-inch shells poured into the ill-fated Alabama with sickening regularity and precision, dealing death and destruction on every hand. Guns were dismounted and their crews decimated by a single shot. Early in the action a shell struck the blade of the fan, breaking it off and injuring the rudder. Another landed in the engine room and tore things all to pieces, damaging the machinery, making a hole in the boiler, and flooding the stoke-hole with boiling water.

On deck the prospect was no more cheering. Men dropped dead, cut in twain by shot or shell, while the groans of the wounded, struck by the crashing or flying splinters, mingled with the muttered curses of the seamen and the hoarse orders of gunners and officers.

At half past twelve Mr. Kelly had jib and foretopsails hoisted, and attempted to stand in toward shore, distant by this time about five miles. This was prevented by her opponent ranging up and pouring in raking fire of shot and shell.

Word was passed aft almost immediately that the vessel was sinking, whereupon a flag of truce was suspended from the quarter and the new officer, Sinclair, sent in a boat to surrender the vessel. During his absence the whale-boat, dingy, and three cutters were launched, and preparations made to desert the doomed vessel. Before

they could be perfected, however, she settled by the stern, her head rising high out of the water. The mainmast which had been already badly shattered by the firing, went by the board, and a few seconds sufficed to engulf the shattered hulls of the late scourge of the seas. Struggling in the vortex were many of her crew, and the efforts of Sinclair, who had received permission from Captain Winslow to return and rescue the survivors, were soon ably seconded by the boats of the Deerhound, two cutters from the Kearsarge and two French pilot boats, who were near the spot.

The whale boat and dingy of the Alabama, with the boats of the Deerhound, well freighted, made quietly for the yacht, which immediately steamed to the northward, bearing safely away from captivity.

Captain Semmes and a majority of his "best bowlers," while the cutter transferred their cargoes to the Kearsarge. One pilot boat turned over those she had rescued to the same sheltering care while the other one stood in for the shore and aided in the escape of those who were lucky enough to get on board of her. The Kearsarge picked up and had transferred to her decks a total of five officers, sixty-three men, and one dead body. Semmes, on board of the Deerhound, reached Southampton with thirteen of his officers and nearly thirty of his crew and petty officers. The pilot-boat landed quite a number, and the killed and drowned were never accounted for. —W. E. Howard in the Philadelphia Weekly Times.

—A Woman's Quick Wit.

From the Cincinnati Commercial.

The part of Tennessee through which I have been knocked about is full of reminiscences of the war, but there is none of the bitterness left. In war time the people were generally divided in their sentiments, and no man could tell 'other from which.

This remark reminds me of a story I heard yesterday, about an estimable woman of 70 odd, who died two or three years ago, here up in the mountains. One day, during the war, when the country was fairly alive with guerrillas, she had occasion to take some valuable goods with her on a trip she was making, and put them on her horse back of her. When she had gone some distance in the woods, she heard a squad of guerrillas approaching, and knowing her goods would not be safe for a moment, she straddled her horse, man fashion, and throwing her long skirt over the package behind her, completely concealed it. When the guerrillas rode up she was unable to guess whether they belonged to the north or to the south—their uniform being no solution whatever. She determined, if questioned, to play a bluff game with them, and she soon had a chance to exercise her wit.

"Hello!" called one of the guerrillas. "Hello!" she returned. "What side are you on?" he challenged. She laughed a good laugh at him as she replied, kicking out her feet. "On both sides, of course; can't you see?" This brought a roar from the whole squad, and they began to banter her in her own fashion. "Which side is your old man on?" asked one of them. "He's on neither side," she laughed; "he's on his back, and has been for years." Such wit saved her, and they let her pass on unmolested.

Sense and Sentiment.

Shakespeare: It is excellent to have a giant's strength, but tyrannous to use it like a giant.

Anon: Love, like the plague, is often communicated by clothing and money.

Channing: Books give to all the spiritual presence of the best and greatest of our race.

Dana: Women have been called angels in love-tales and sonnets, till we have almost learned to think of angels as little better than women.

Sedgeley: Bugged of face and massive of form, should find favor in the eyes of this young brown girl, beautiful with all the free grace of a wild creature. "She would make a superb Pocahontas in *tableaux vivants*.

Longfellow: Alas! it is not ill time, with reckless hand, has torn out half the leaves from the book of human life, to light the fires of passion with, that man begins to see that the leaves which remain are few in number, and to remember, faintly at first, and then more clearly, that upon the earlier pages of that book was written a story of happy innocence, which he would fain read over again.

Holmes: I have known more than one genius, high-decked, full-sleighted, gay pennoned, that, but for the bare, toiling arms, and brave, warm, beating heart of the faithful little wife that nestled close in his shadow and clung to him, so that no wind or wave could part them, would soon have gone down the stream and been heard of no more.

—OME HORRIBLE INSTANCES.

Miss Ruze was killed by flying timbers, her head being cut off. The body was buried this morning, and the head was found this afternoon two blocks distant from where she was killed. A child of Fritz Dickmyer was carried over a half mile and still lives. A child of Fred Loomis of West Newton was killed.

Martin Frank of West Newton was found dead one mile from his house, and not a particle of the house has been found since the storm. Mathew Finley and family of West Newton were killed. There were seven in the family, and only one remains alive. Mr. Schram, of the firm of Shram & Redmere, had his arm broken, a report came in this afternoon that a family of five was

BURNT IN THE RUINS.

of a house near Fort Dodge. Mr. Miller was

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BY LOUNSBERRY & JEWELL.

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## BISMARCK.

A GENTLEMAN once remarked: "Single-  
lar, isn't it, that the important streams  
all run by large cities?" The fact has  
also been noted that where Indian trails  
concentrate, there, as civilization ad-  
vances, the rougher elements gather—  
there wickedness takes deep root, and  
this, in turn, is supplanted by a concentra-  
tion of legitimate business, which builds  
up large cities. That which draws gam-  
blers and prostitutes brings other ele-  
ments; and to say that a town is a hard  
one, is to say that it has in and around it  
circumstances that make it a desirable  
point for investment.

The excellent judgment of sin and of  
sinful persons has always been remarka-  
ble. Sin selects the best seats in the tem-  
ple and chooses for its own purposes the  
best location for the temple. Sin adopts  
early the most pleasing and comfortable  
devices and the most harmonious tunes,  
and forces goodness to pay roundly for  
the advantages she is ever willing to di-  
vide, and gloats over the fact that good-  
ness is forced to compliment by following  
as well as to pay tribute to her.

Since this is true, it does not argue  
against a city for old maids to turn their  
backs upon it, or for ex-superintendents  
of orphan asylums and managers of  
widows' trust funds, or of

"protection" insurance companies to  
hold up their hands in holy horror and  
exclaim "do not go there to be robbed  
but come in here," or in their ravings to

call it a bullwhackers paradise, a steve-  
dore's heaven, or attach to it the more  
expressive name of kenotown, for shrewd  
people see in the elements that call forth

these warnings, the concentration of trails,  
so to speak, that so surely mark the  
spot providence has selected for the  
home of prosperity. The fact that, not-

wishtstanding the warnings of Bismarck's  
would be guardian, and on the heels of

their lecture on the sins of Bismarck, a  
New Jersey clergyman comes in and

buys the very best corner in the city, and  
for a sum far below its true value, shows

that goodness is not asleep by any means,

and intends to reap the advantages offered  
for investment in a city, which gives  
capital greater inducements than any  
other city in the United States.

Although for years the TRIBUNE has  
labored to give our own people confidence  
in the future of Bismarck, has shown its  
advantages of location; its increase in  
trade; has chronicled its improvements;  
noted the rapid rise in the value of prop-  
erty, and even now publishes a  
prophecy for the future, that  
within five years will be fulfilled, in the  
form of a map showing the location of  
Bismarck and its prospective railroads;

showing the millions of acres of unoccu-  
pied land, every acre of which, when im-  
proved, will add wealth to her coffers,

yet many are inclined to listen to the  
voice of the croaker, and to look upon

the dark, rather than the light side, in

forming their anticipations for the fu-  
ture.

Pages of the TRIBUNE could be, and  
have been, filled with statements of fact  
and speculation tending to give confidence  
in the future of Bismarck, but nothing

has ever been published so conclusive as  
the following, taken from the books of  
the railroad agent, which shows the  
rapid increase of the traffic on the great

trans-continent line, one of the principal  
divisions of which terminates and an-

other begins at Bismarck:

During the week ending June 27th,  
1875, the number of cars of loaded freight  
for city, river and the frontier trade, was

fourteen; during the corresponding

week in 1876 the number was increased

to thirty-two; in 1877 to one hundred

and three; in 1878 to one hundred and

thirty-one; in 1879 the number was

one hundred and twenty-nine; in 1880

244, and for the corresponding week in

1881 FOUR HUNDRED AND SEVENTY.

During 1875 to 1878 but three trains

weekly were run between Bismarck and

Fargo. Then only one passenger coach

attached to a mixed train, while the regu-

lar daily passenger train, which left Fargo

for Bismarck July 20, 1881, embraced nine

passenger coaches and two baggage cars,  
all filled, and on that day seventy-two  
loaded freight cars reached Bismarck,  
while during the entire month of June,  
1875, but eighty-nine arrived, and during  
the corresponding month of June, 1881,  
one Bismarck firm received sixty-six  
car loads of goods for their Bismarck  
trade.

Accepting these facts as a measure of  
the increase in the business of Bismarck  
during the past six years, is there not  
abundant cause to hope for future pros-  
perity? Are there not good grounds to urge  
capital to come now and invest in a city  
which shows such wonderful increase?

It was said that with the loss of the  
Black Hills trade, and the extension of  
the North Pacific road, Bismarck's glory  
would depart. But these facts do not  
justify that conclusion.

The population, as well as the trade, of  
the city is increasing, and already this  
year over one hundred buildings have  
been erected.

The story that Guitteau declared him  
self a stalwart and said he shot Mr. Gar-  
field in order that Arthur might become  
President is at last proven to be pure fiction.  
There is not a word of truth in it.  
The cowardly lunatic only begged to be  
taken to jail and for protection from the  
crowd. It is apparent now that the shoot-  
ing had no connection whatever with the  
disturbance within the party. A dis-  
appointed dead beat sought revenge and  
notoriety. He followed Garfield for weeks  
and twice was about to shoot him in  
church but feared he might shoot some  
one else, and once came near shooting  
him in the presence of Mrs. Garfield,  
but his heart failed him.

MR. VILLARD is determined to control  
for the North Pacific the business naturally  
tributary to his line of road and an-  
nounces in Minneapolis that his company  
expected to construct in Dakota one  
thousand miles of railway during the  
next fifteen months, between Fargo and  
Bismarck. Feeders will be thrown out  
at every available or necessary point, and  
every foot of territory naturally tributary  
will be covered. It seems almost certain  
that a line will be built from Sauk Rapids  
to St. Paul and Minneapolis, giving an  
outlet to the great mills at the Falls.

WHEN Bismarck begins to build brick  
blocks, a score or more at once; when the  
business men begin to take a whole page  
of the daily paper, and branch out into  
entire columns of the Pioneer Press; when  
recognized sin is invited to take a back  
seat, and Bismarck makes itself attractive  
to men of money, intelligence and energy,  
then this city will indeed boom and its  
fame will be known throughout the land.  
Real estate will double and treble in  
value, trade will increase and every man  
will prosper.

WHEN one man bought \$20,000 worth  
of town lots in Mandan, it was heralded  
all over the country, and many concluded  
that Mandan was the coming city. Yes-  
terday one man bought \$10,000 worth of  
Bismarck property, and instead of buying  
two hundred lots he simply took two.  
Thus the difference in value of real estate  
in the two cities—one-half the amount of  
money for one one-hundredth the amount  
of property, or four thousand nine hun-  
dred per cent. in favor of Bismarck.

MR. VILLARD, of the North Pacific,  
yesterday telegraphed from Altona, Pa.,  
to Mayor Rice of St. Paul, contributing  
in behalf of the Oregon Transcontinental  
Company, the sum of \$1,000 for the New  
Ulm sufferers. He added: "You may  
draw on me for the total amount in New  
York, and I will endeavor to raise more  
funds upon my arrival there." Comment  
is unnecessary. The generous act speaks  
for itself.

THE ARGUS urges a North Dakota Con-  
vention to meet in Fargo next September,  
with a view to taking effective steps  
toward a division of Dakota at the next  
meeting of Congress. The suggestion is  
timely; we ought to make a long and  
strong pull, and pull altogether, to ac-  
complish that end.

FARGO kicks immensely because Bis-  
marck holds the wire to St. Paul most of  
the time. Bismarck, however, consider-  
ately surrenders half an hour during the  
night for the Fargo press reports and  
holds it the balance of the time for the  
full night press report to the daily TRIBUNE.  
The TRIBUNE is a newspaper in  
every sense of the word.

RURLEIGH county, notwithstanding the  
slight damage to crops this year, will  
realize more clean money out of its wheat  
crop in proportion to the amount sown  
than any county in Dakota. Some pieces  
are wholly uninjured and a few pieces  
promise to yield from twenty-five to  
thirty-five bushels per acre.

THE VOTE at Albany yesterday was pre-  
cisely the same as Tuesday. The Con-  
grees are still hanging, and present no  
evidences of weakening.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

# WHOLESALE BUILDING MATERIAL

We can supply anything used  
in the construction of a Building.  
Write us. C. S. WEAVER & CO.

**34th**  
Popular Monthly Drawing of the  
Commonwealth Distribution Co.,  
In the City of Louisville, on

**SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1881.**

These drawings occur monthly (Sundays ex-  
cepted) under provisions of an Act of the Gen-  
eral Assembly of Kentucky, incorporating the  
Newport Printing and Newspaper Co., approved  
April 9, 1873.

**This is a special act, and has  
never been repealed.**

The United States Circuit Court on March 31st  
rendered the following decisions:

**1st.—That the Commonwealth Dis-  
tribution Company is legal.**

**2d.—Its drawings are not fraudulent.**

The company has now on hand a large  
reserve fund. Read the list of prizes for the

## JULY DRAWING.

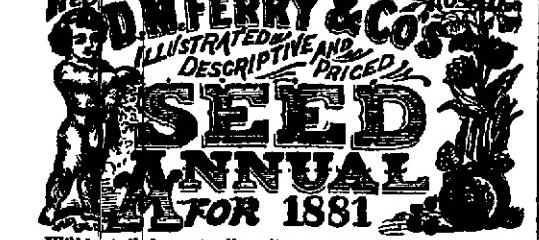
1 Prize.....\$30,000	100 Prizes \$1 ea	\$10,000
10,000	200 Prizes 50 ea	10,000
5,000	500 Prizes 20 ea	12,000
3,000	1,000 Prizes 10 ea	10,000
2,000	500 each 10 ea	10,000
9 Prizes \$300 each. Approximation Prizes \$2,700		
9 Prizes 200 each,		\$1,800
9 Prizes 100 each,		900
1,960 Prizes,		\$112,400

**Whole Tickets \$2. Half Tickets \$1.**

**27 Tickets \$50. 55 Tickets \$100.**

Remit Money or Bank Draft in Letter, or send  
by Express. DON'T SEND BY REGISTERED  
LETTER OR POSTOFFICE ORDER. Orders  
of \$5 and upwards, by Express, can be sent at our  
expense. Address all orders to R. M. Board-  
man, Courier Journal Building, Louisville,  
Ky., or T. J. Commerford, 309 Broad-  
way, New York.

B. F. KEESLING, M. D., Druggist, Logans-  
port, Ind., when sending in an order for Prof.  
Guilmette's Kidney Pads, writes: "I wore one  
of the first ones we had, and I received more  
benefit from it than anything I ever used. In  
fact the pads give better general satisfaction  
than any kidney remedy we ever sold."



Will be mailed to all applicants, 10c or 25c  
each. It contains five colored plates, 500 engravings,  
about 250 pages, and full descriptions, prices and directions for  
planting 1500 varieties of Seeds and Flower Seeds, Plants,  
Herbs, &c. It is to be recommended to gardeners who  
will be found more reliable for planting to those that have been  
grown farther South. We make a specialty of supplying  
Market Gardeners. Address D. H. FERRY & CO., Detroit, Mich.

## AGENTS AND CANVASSERS

Make from \$25 to \$50 per week selling  
goods for E. G. RIDEOUT & CO., 10 Barclay St.,  
New York.

Send for their Catalogue and terms. 10y1

## FREE Samples and Catalogues of best sell- ing articles in every part of the world.

24-50

## BOOKS, FLOWERS AND NEWSPAPERS

## FINE FRESH CONFECTIONERY.

## Shelled pecans and other nuts.

## Nicke's Cigars, and Tobacco.

## Splendid Line of Novelty Po- etry and other Books!

## Volumes.

## FRESH MAPLE SUGAR.

Ohio made and warranted absolutely pure,  
at the

## POSTOFFICE NEWS STAND.

## MILLER & GRIFFIN,

PROPRIETORS

Bismarck

## Horse Market,

AT GRIFFIN'S BARN,

## BISMARCK, - - - DAKOTA.

All kinds of Light and Heavy  
Farm, Work and Buggy Horses

can be found at these Stables. Only

the best Stock dealt in. No need

of going East after Horses, when

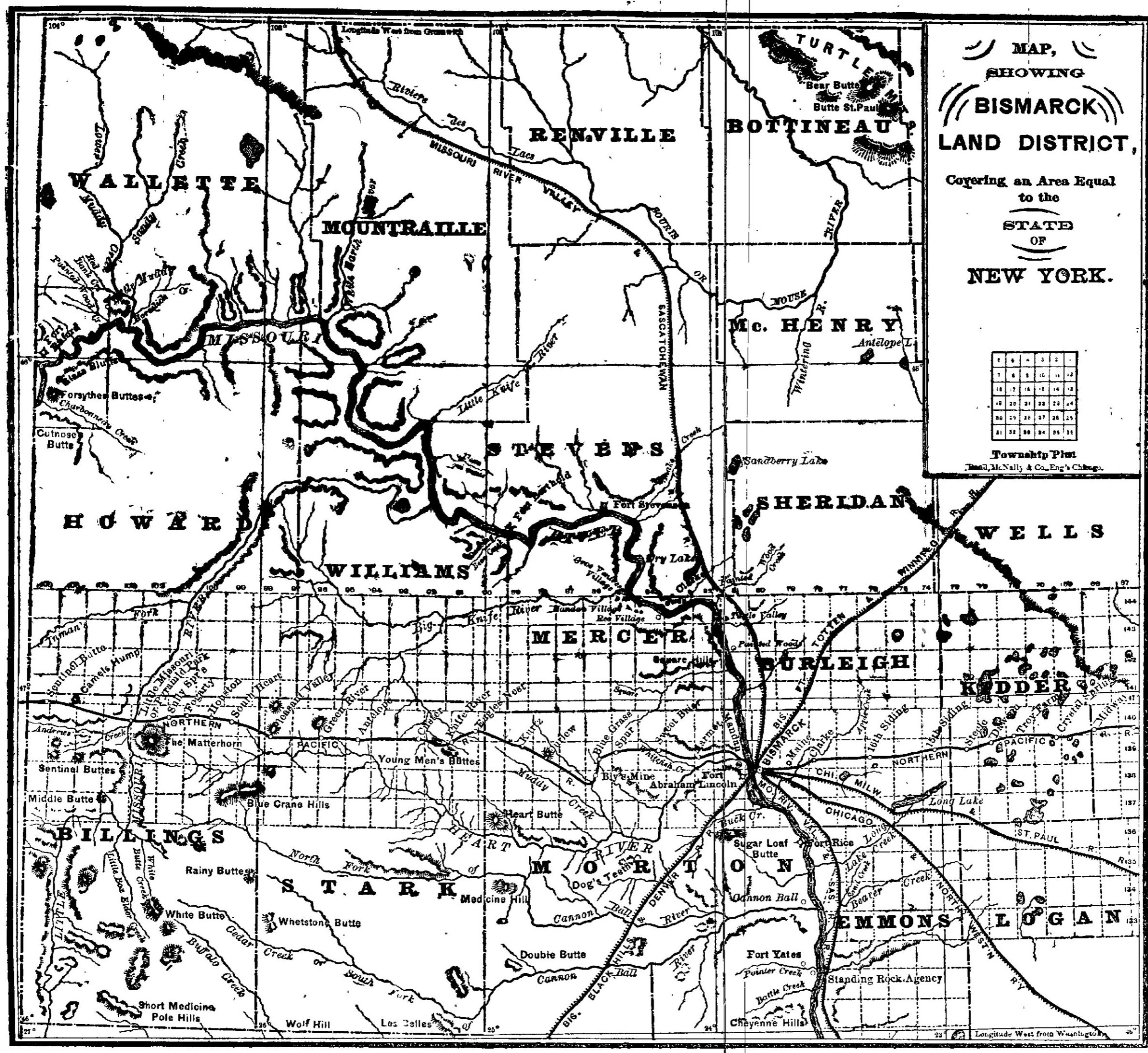
they can be bought at Bismarck at

Eastern prices. Call and see them.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

WALTER MANN, Pres. G. H. FAIRCHILD, Cash'r,

Map Showing the Bismarck Land District, Covering an Area of 51,000 Square Miles, or a Territory Equal to the State of New York.



**Bismarck Land District.**

This district is as large as the State of New York and the above map shows its location and extent. The distance east and west is 255 miles and north and south about the same. From the Missouri to the Montana line the railway measurement is 175 miles. The surveyed land extends along the North Pacific railroad as far west as Eagle's Nest or Range 90. The numbers of the ranges are given on the northern boundary line of Burleigh and other counties, beginning with No. 67 and ending with No. 106. The townships are marked on the eastern line of the district. A township runs from the east to the west. Take 140 for instance, and the reader can trace the township to Montana. Then practice looking for township 140, range 67 or range 68, 70, 75, 79, 81 or 82, and so on to the end. The small township plat presented with the map shows

**HOW THE SECTIONS ARE NUMBERED,** beginning with the north-east corner with section 1 and running west to 6, and then east and west down to 36. At the corners of the sections are posts that are marked with the numbers of the sections, townships and range. By reference to this map a settler or speculator can pick out any locality that he wants to investigate. He can see the course of the Missouri or follow the line of the North Pacific rail road through every township of the district. He can quickly learn that the two ranges on the east side of 67 and 68 are in another county than Kidder. They are in Stutsman. He can find out the location of Crystal Springs, Troy farm, Dawson, Steele, Clarke, Bismarck, Mandan, and all the stations west of the Missouri. He can learn the position of the Forts and Indian agencies and amuse himself an hour looking up rivers and streams that have a history. The geography of Kidder, Burleigh and Morton counties containing the principal settlements is obvious at a glance. The investor or settler, who likes the location of township 140, range 79, or same township, range 81, can correspond with the local land office and find out what is taken and what is vacant. The Railroad owns every other section for forty

miles on either side of the line. The prospective railroads on the above map, are certain to come in the near future. A prophetic spirit can foresee the development that will bring all of these roads to Bismarck and Mandan. The man who starts in now will reap the harvest.

**BURLEIGH COUNTY.**

Burleigh county is the agricultural principality of the Missouri slope. Its area of farm land covers sixty townships of thirty-six sections each, or the respectable total of 2,160 sections, which is equivalent to a bonanza field of 1,332,400 acres. Reduced to small farms of 160 acres, Burleigh's estate will support 8,640 farmers, with their families, making thirty five thousand people. That will be the condition of this comparatively unoccupied country in ten years. For the western boundary rolls in mighty curves the largest river in North America, fringed with a belt of heavy timber that will provide excellent fuel for the settler. Draining the central district is Apple creek, and lying in the northern tier of townships are lakes and springs that will provide for all inhabitable time an inexhaustible supply of water for stock.

The surface of the whole county is rolling and undulating. The topography is the most inviting of any prairie land on the line of the North Pacific. People who desire a soil of the richest black loam, with an everlasting subsoil of clay, combined with a pleasing landscape, will find their heart's content in this county. It is not all plain or all hill. It is what the good eastern farmer wants—neither a dead level nor a perpendicular precipice. Besides the timber from the banks of the river, the farmer can get lignite coal from the mines west of the Missouri, laid down in Bismarck at \$4 per ton.

But all of the good land in North Dakota is not in Burleigh county.

**KIDDER COUNTY,**

lying directly east, is one of the finest counties of land in the whole northwest. It contains Crystal Springs and its magnificent ranges for stock; the Troy farm, which sold its product of wheat to Minneapolis millers at an advance of fifteen cents per bushel over the price paid for the best Minnesota grades; Dawson, with its rapidly developing farming and

stock growing interest; and Steele, with its big wheat fields and booming townsite. It contains the **COUNTY OF EMMONS** one of the best timbered and best watered counties of the district, with its flourishing settlements at Gayton, Beaver Creek and Badger.

**MORTON COUNTY**

with its growing county seat at Mandan, fairly laughs with delight when she considers the rapid strides she is making toward reaching the size and importance of Bismarck. Mandan is backed by a well watered country and along the frequent streams a large amount of timber is found. The soil is deep and rich and in some cases a better crop has been raised the first year by the settler, who found his farm unbroken sod than is usually produced in the eastern states. The county has broad meadows and inexhaustible beds of coal, and will in time prove one of the richest and best on the line of the road. The North Pacific crosses Kidder, Burleigh and Morton from east to west, and passes on through Stark and Billings. In

**STARK COUNTY**

will be found as handsome land as the eye of man ever rested upon. The Upper Knife river and Young Man's Butte regions are plains rich in all the elements that make farming profitable. The prairies please the eye, timber is found in considerable quantities, and the water is pure and easy to reach. As lovely as is this country, that about Green River is still better and still handsomer. Pleasant Valley is all that its name implies. At the station of this name Hon. W. S. Dickinson, of New York, has had broken this year one hundred acres—the beginning of a bonanza farm.

**BILLINGS COUNTY**

is remarkable for its points of interest; its pyramid plains, valleys and parks, a mixture of each, miscalled the bad lands, charm the eye and astonish the investigator. Here the Indians loved to roam, because here was found the best grazing in all the land; the best water on the plains. In these valleys they loved to stroll and hunt because here the greatest aggregation of game, other than buffalo was found. The mountain sheep

would here throw himself from three hundred feet heights, striking upon his head, and would scamper forward in his hunt for new heights to climb. Here the grizzly loved to dwell, and wild roved the antelope, elk, and deer in search of the shade, grass and water in summer, and food and shelter in winter. Sentinel Buttes mark the beginning of a broad plain extending well into Montana. And this whole country from Mandan to Montana; from Mandan to the Cannon Ball, the north line of the Indian reservation, and from Mandan, up the river on the west side of the Missouri, embracing the counties of Mercer, Williams and Howard, is all open to settlement.

It is only a short time since all this tract was Indian country. From Bismarck the writer has witnessed an attack by Indians upon a surveying party near the present townsite of Mandan, and a year later poor old Henry was killed by Indians between Mandan and Fort A. Lincoln. But the Indians have followed the buffalo, and now comes the bee and civilization. North, northwest and northeast of Bismarck, embracing Sheridan, Stevens, Wells, McHenry, Bottineau, Renville, Montaillle and Wallette counties, we can only say there is no better country or any better land. Almost the entire region is unsurveyed and unsettled except by ranchers along the river. In this region lie dormant the wheat fields of the future. This country now unsettled must be developed—it must attract attention, and must prosper. Bismarck and Mandan may well look forward to a glorious future.

**BISMARCK**

because its position suggests the idea of concentration of commercial interests.

**MANDAN,** because a rich agricultural country is rapidly being developed that will bring to it the trade of the thousands who will eagerly seek the advantages presented if they will only consider. The struggling ones should look and locate, if they would prosper and be happy.

See how well watered this whole region is. Along the Missouri and other principal streams much timber is found,

and in the whole country the soil is strong in those elements which make wheat.

**At Sword's Point.**

(Chicago Times.)

Mr. Henry Villard, principal owner of the North Pacific, who passed through Chicago on Sunday en route to New York, said to some friends here that he expected to have completed and in operation during the ensuing year twelve hundred miles of tributary lines east of the Missouri river. He had secured the charter of the Northern Minnesota railroad, and the line will be built with all possible dispatch from Breckenridge, on the Red river, by a direct route to Deadwood, in the Black Hills. The two branches from Jamestown, one northward to Mouse river, and the other southward through the valley of the James river, will also be pushed to an early completion. Mr. Villard said that a northern branch of the Northern Minnesota railroad will be constructed from Detroit on the North Pacific, northward to Manitoba, tapping all the important branches now touched, or hereafter to be reached, by the St Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba railway. The completed branch from Castleton, near Fargo, to Newberg, in the Red river valley, will be extended this year and next down the valley, on the west bank of the river, to the Pembina mountains, across the Assiniboin valley, and into the British possessions. The gentleman who held the conversation with Mr. Villard believed that the North Pacific will make war on the Manitoba road at every competing point.

The Fort Sully mine beat the Pierre mine 38 to 8 on the Fourth.

Bricklaying has been commenced on the new insane asylum at Yankton. The contractors, Messrs. Goodwin and Pratt, are pushing the work with commendable energy.

The Baptist camp convention recently held on the shores of Lake Madison, in Lake county, was a success. As many as seven hundred people were present at some of the meetings.

## A SPANISH HEROINE.

Poverty is certainly a blessing in one respect, at least, inasmuch as a fool without money has fewer opportunities for manifesting his follies than the wealthier animal of the same species. It would have been a piece of good fortune if Geoffrey Kendall had been born to work for his living like many a better man, since it is to be presumed that hardship would have rubbed a little common sense into his soft brain. As it was, his father had left him a large fortune, and the use he made of it was something between a tragedy and a joke. He was the legitimate prey of all sorts of sharpers. He got into terrible scrapes and had to buy himself out of them at enormous cost. Without any real wrong he acquired for himself an unenviable reputation among the scandal mongers of the town.

He was a vigorous young fellow with a big beard, mild eyes, and hands as white as a woman's. He was, moreover, something of a dandy in his dress and manners. Yet, withal, a kinder, better tempered soul you would not find in a day's walk.

What such a woman as Alma Thorpe could have found in him to love, is mystery; unless, indeed, it was on the principle of woman's tenderness for children, birds and other weaklings. She was quite his opposite—quiet, sober little body, strong-willed and quick-witted, with a wonderful fund of patience for her blundering lover. She seemed to have no object, no hope or ambition aside from his happiness. Yet, like the fool he was, the time came when he flung away this jewel, for a peice of glittering sham. Luckily he was made to pay dear for his folly.

Kendall and Alma had been engaged for nearly a year, and their marriage was to take place shortly, when a lady appeared on the scene who created a sensation in the town. She called herself Donna Sanchica, and was accompanied by her brother Don Marco Damas. They were supposed to be Spaniards of distinction making a tour for pleasure. Donna Sanchica was a woman of 30, large and luxuriant of figure, with coal black hair and eyes of the same hue, as bold and keen as a hawk's. She was not long in working herself into the best circles, where she speedily became a great favorite.

At the social gatherings her mellow voice and charming manners made her scores of friends and admirers. It was observed by the wiser ones, however, that she devoted herself to the younger and wealthier men. "I have one passion stupendous for the American gentleman," she admitted with engaging frankness: "he is so brave, so supurb, Santissima!"

It was at one of these gatherings that Kendall met her. She seemed to penetrate his character at a glance, and turned the attention of her big black eyes full upon his weak head. It was simply a foregone conclusion. Like any other moth he flew toward the brightest candle. She charmed, astonished, bewildered him. He had never seen such a brilliant woman—so brilliant, so unconventional. Moreover she admired him. He could see that and this vanity gave a great throb of delight. That night when he went home I fear that it was of the superb Spanish beauty that he dreamt, and not of the pale little American girl.

Without intending any treachery to his betrothed he spent a good deal of his time with Donna Sanchica after that. He had a right to admire her, he said. She was his friend, his dear friend, that was all. So day after day he visited her, and came gradually to neglect Alma. The townspeople began to talk. Rumor said that young Kendall and the Spanish lady were engaged to be married. Some envied him while others, more sensible, pitied Alma and cursed Kendall's blindness and stupidity.

As yet Alma had said nothing to Kendall upon the subject, though it had not escaped her. But she patiently sought to keep him true to his faith by the thousand sweet device of a loving woman.

At length even her patience gave out. One day, after a week's absence, Kendall found a few moments to spare from his Spanish infatuation to call upon his betrothed. He met her with a sheepish and embarrassed air, as if some consciousness of his own mean unmanliness were troubling him. He bent to kiss her as usual, but she stepped back and confronted him firmly, yet with a white face and trembling lip.

"All that is over between us, Geoffrey," she said quietly. "This pretense is folly for you and pain for me—there must be an end of it."

The tone she spoke in startled him; he looked at her in alarm.

"I know I have treated you shabbily," he replied, deprecatingly. "I ought to have been here more I know—"

"Stop!" exclaimed Alma, interrupting him. "You ought to have done something which your heart did not impel you to. I should scorn to hold you to me by your sense of duty. Now that I have lost your love I give you back your word. Go your way and let me go mine."

"Donna Sanchica is only a friend," he attempted to explain. "Why should you be angry because she admires me?"

"I am not angry at anything which has passed between you and that woman," she answered with a touch of irritation.

"Neither is she your friend. A woman can see deeper into the soul of her own sex than a man. I see that her's is black and evil. I see that she does not love you however skillfully she affects it. She will ruin your happiness and embitter your whole life. Oh my poor Geoffrey, can you not see where she is leading you?"

"You wrong her," answered Geoffrey, taking refuge from his own conscience in a pretense of anger. "She is a noble woman and you are jealous of her."

She turned, and looked at him silently with an expression of contempt; then, with a word, she walked quietly out of the room. But when alone she burst into tears and wept long and bitterly over her sore heart and broken hopes.

As for Geoffrey Kendall, he stood for a moment bewildered with conflicting remorse, shame, and repentance, hoping that she would return. But she did not, and in a very miserable frame of mind he left the house, and sought the company of Donna Sanchica.

"Ah!" cried that estimable lady running to meet him with both hands extended, "you have returned, my friend. Behold me happy, independent. But what have happen, señor? Your face is chalk and has agony into it."

"I am very unhappy," responded Kendall, gloomily. "I have been ill-treated."

"Señor!" cried the lady striking a dramatic attitude and grinding her white teeth.

"Who have insulted my friend? Tell me his

name and I shall have his heart's blood! Carai!"

"No matter," said Kendall, with a vague perception of something false and grotesque in all this extravagance; "it's all over and I come to you for comfort."

"Ah!" said the donna, suddenly abandoning her fierce air for a languishing one, "it is sweet for to have the opportunity for to comfort my friend. Ah, Dios! would I not die for you?"

"I believe you would," said poor Kendall, looking into her dark eyes, where he fancied he saw unutterable things. "Here is a woman who loves me," he thought. "Alma has discarded me—why not secure the happiness in my power?" So on the impulse of a moment he spoke.

"Donna Sanchica." "I love you. Will you be my wife?"

To have witnessed the woman's face at that moment would have been a treat to a cynic. She looked modestly down. She managed to get a blush to her yellow cheek; her bosom heaved rapidly, and a trepidous sigh escaped it. Yet all the while the traces of a malignant smile of triumph rested upon her lips.

At last she looked up with some skillfully evoked tears in her eyes.

"No, señor, she replied, "I cannot. Oh, the heavens! what agony for me to say it?" "Why not?" cried Kendallaghast. "Do you not love me?"

"Ah, idol," she cried, "as my own soul! Ah, misery! But let me confess. We are poor, señor—my brother and I. We are exiles from our own country. Because we are noble and poor we cannot live among our equals. We have great pride. We leave our home and wander like the Arab."

"What difference does that make?" said Kendall in a generous glow. I have enough for both."

"But my poor brother?" cunningly interposed the donna.

"And for him as well," answered Kendall. "Will he not be my brother, too?"

"Santissima!" screeched the lady, flinging her robust person against him with such force that he reeled against the wall. "What noble!" "What superb!" "I adore you!" "Yes, yes, I will be your wife, and my brother shall be your brother—eh?"

"Of course," assented Kendall.

And so the matter was settled. If the devil has a sense of humor he must have held his sides with laughter at this mad mockery of the sweetest and holiest of the human emotions. Things took their natural course. The poor but noble Don Canais was to take Kendall into his favor, and, being given to the utterances of the highest sentiments, soon won the young man's perfect confidence.

There were times when Kendall's heart misgave him, when even his dull perceptions were troubled with a vague distrust. At these times Donna Sanchica's passionate protestations sickened him and the brother's pompous airs maddened him. At such times the memory of the days when Alma's love was all to him would smite him with a miserable heartache. He would compare her sweet, pure presence with the lurid and unhealthy influence of the Spanish woman and wonder at his own blindness.

But Donna Sanchica was a diplomat. She knew how to deal with his dark moods so as to profit by them. At such moments she would look at him reproachfully and sigh as if her heart were broken. Then Kendall would melt, and cursing himself for a hard-hearted villain, submit more abjectly to her blandishments than ever.

They were soon to be married, and as the donna claimed him whole time, it came about naturally that the solemn dou, her brother, consented to take charge of Kendall's affairs. He developed so keen a talent for business that in a very short time the young man's property quietly changed hands. Of course, being all in the family, it made little real difference in whose name the money was held.

But one morning Kendall called at the residence of the Spaniards and found them gone. A letter in the handwriting of the donna was given to him by the housekeeper. It ran as follows:

"Farewell, most obliging of men! Business engagements call us elsewhere. Sorry that you have been disappointed. We have left our most distinguish regard in place of the money what we have taken. How say you—the fair exchange is not the robbery? Santissima no. We have the pride and the honor. Aha! Also my husband, Don Canais, have remark that it is the just payment of you to him for the long privilege of making me, his wife, the love. Is it not so? Your devoted. SANCHICA."

Kendall read the letter in a state of stupefaction; then quietly tore it to pieces and went away with his head drooping and a frown on his face. The smallest examination into his affair showed how egregiously he had been duped. Of all his patrimony not enough had escaped the clutches of the adventress and the husband to afford him a decent subsistence. In spite of his overwhelming shame and anger there was a feeling of intense relief in his heart. He had imagined that he loved the Spanish woman, but he felt that it would have been a fearful sacrifice could he have married her. He was really quite satisfied to pay even so high a price as financial ruin to have escaped.

His resolutions were speedily taken. He wrote a long letter to Alma explaining everything, but offering no excuse and asking no hope. He then left town silently.

For two years he was not heard of. At the end of that time he returned a grave and thoughtful man, with lines of sorrow and hardship in his face. Misfortune had come late but it made a man of him at last. He had not yet called on Alma when he met her in the street one day. He made no attempt to avoid her but took her hand quietly.

"Alma," said he, I have come back solely for the purpose of seeing your face and taking new courage from it before I go out to the world again."

"Are you going away," she asked with a faint shadow on her face.

"Yes," said he, my repentance is not yet worked out, I have repaired the ruin caused by folly, but I have not suffered enough for my treachery to you. There is a worthy and admirable life before me. I must attain it."

"Can you do it alone?" she quered with sweet gravity. "Do you need help?"

"None could help me but you," he replied tremulously, "and I have sinned too grievously against you for forgiveness. I need it—oh, how sorely! Not once in all these months have you been absent from my mind. I have labored with your image at my heart, to be worthy of your pardon and approbation, but I fear it was a hopeless task."

"I am the best judge of that, Geoffrey."

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name and I shall have his heart's blood! Carai!"

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"Ah, idol," she cried, "as my own soul! Ah, misery! But let me confess. We are poor, señor—my brother and I. We are exiles from our own country. Because we are noble and poor we cannot live among our equals. We have great pride. We leave our home and wander like the Arab."

"What difference does that make?" said Kendall in a generous glow. I have enough for both."

"But my poor brother?" cunningly interposed the donna.

"And for him as well," answered Kendall. "Will he not be my brother, too?"

"Santissima!" screeched the lady, flinging her robust person against him with such force that he reeled against the wall. "What noble!" "What superb!" "I adore you!" "Yes, yes, I will be your wife, and my brother shall be your brother—eh?"

"Of course," assented Kendall.

And so the matter was settled. If the devil has a sense of humor he must have held his sides with laughter at this mad mockery of the sweetest and holiest of the human emotions. Things took their natural course. The poor but noble Don Canais was to take Kendall into his favor, and, being given to the utterances of the highest sentiments, soon won the young man's perfect confidence.

There were times when Kendall's heart misgave him, when even his dull perceptions were troubled with a vague distrust. At these times Donna Sanchica's passionate protestations sickened him and the brother's pompous airs maddened him. At such times the memory of the days when Alma's love was all to him would smite him with a miserable heartache. He would compare her sweet, pure presence with the lurid and unhealthy influence of the Spanish woman and wonder at his own blindness.

But Donna Sanchica was a diplomat.

She knew how to deal with his dark moods so as to profit by them. At such moments she would look at him reproachfully and sigh as if her heart were broken. Then Kendall would melt, and cursing himself for a hard-hearted villain, submit more abjectly to her blandishments than ever.

They were soon to be married, and as the donna claimed him whole time, it came about naturally that the solemn dou, her brother, consented to take charge of Kendall's affairs.

He developed so keen a talent for business that in a very short time the young man's property quietly changed hands.

Of course, being all in the family, it made little real difference in whose name the money was held.

But one morning Kendall called at the residence of the Spaniards and found them gone.

A letter in the handwriting of the donna was given to him by the housekeeper.

It ran as follows:

"Gen. Hartshuf's Stories.

From the United Service Magazine.

"When I was a cadet," said he, "I was one rainy day on sentinel duty, when Gen. Scott, who was visiting the Point, came by, wrapped in a great military cloak and carrying a huge umbrella. Seeing me pace up and down in the rain, the old gentleman's kind heart induced him to stop and say to me, 'Young gentleman, you will catch cold out in the wet. Come under my umbrella, and walk with me up to headquarters, when I will have you excused.' I marched by his side, and the honor. Aha! Also my husband, Don Canais, have remark that it is the just payment of you to him for the long privilege of making me, his wife, the love. Is it not so? Your devoted. SANCHICA."

Kendall read the letter in a state of stupefaction; then quietly tore it to pieces and went away with his head drooping and a frown on his face. The smallest examination into his affair showed how egregiously he had been duped. Of all his patrimony not enough had escaped the clutches of the adventress and the husband to afford him a decent subsistence. In spite of his overwhelming shame and anger there was a feeling of intense relief in his heart. He had imagined that he loved the Spanish woman, but he felt that it would have been a fearful sacrifice could he have married her. He was really quite satisfied to pay even so high a price as financial ruin to have escaped.

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## PENTATETTES.

There was a young girl of Eau Claire,  
Who was witty, and good, and so faire,  
All the other girls found  
That who she was around,  
They were just counted out as mean whaire  
  
... and yellow dog in Cologne,  
Ran away with an old woman's bognie;  
But the wrathful old crogne  
Hit him twice with a stonge,  
And 'twas dreadful to hear that dog grogne.  
  
A young fellow, loaded with drink,  
Tried to put on some style at the rink,  
But being quite right,  
Couldn't steer to the right,  
And immediately eat down to think.  
  
There was a small boy named Apollo,  
Who used to get up and hollie,  
When his pa with a str p  
Would corral the young chap,  
And a sort of a chorus would follow.  
  
There was a young man in Podunk,  
Who once tried to capture a skunk;  
The skunk got away,  
And that young man to-day  
Has his clothee camphored up in a trunk.

## THE ROMANCE OF BELLE BOYD.

The Story of a Female Spy of the Rebellion.  
From the Philadelphia Record, June 2.

Sitting last evening on the porch of a comfortable residence in the extreme north-western section of the city, with a sweet little miss of three and another of seven summers playing hide and seek around her chair, was a lady who a score of years ago bore an international reputation. Few, if any, of those who knew her once would now recognize in the handsome, well-versed woman, of commanding presence and highbred bearing, with a complexion like a rose and lily combined, a wealth of sunny, chestnut brown hair, sparkling eyes, a sweet mobile mouth, and a face most varying expression—the vivacious, daring girl who in war times had but one name, and that "Belle Boyd, the confederate spy."

The story of Belle Boyd's life reads like a romance. Born in Virginia of good old cavalier stock, she had barely graduated and made her debut in Washington society when the war commenced, and her father, with several others of her kindred, took up arms in the confederate cause. When Gen. Robert Patterson with his troops entered Martinsburg her native place, she was acting the part of the ministering angel to the wounded in the improvised hospital. While engaged in these duties many scraps of information concerning the movement of the federal army came to her ears, and thus it was that, with an impulsiveness and ardor due largely to her youth, she entered upon the task with which her name became so prominently identified. Several ladies of the place, who had also been picking up scraps of news, held a meeting at her house, the items were bunched together, put upon paper and the document placed in the hands of a trusty colored servant for transmission to Gen. Jackson. This went on safely for some time, until one day the messenger was captured by the federal pickets and compelled to disclose his mission. Thereupon "Belle Boyd" was arrested, taken before Gen. Robert Patterson, enlightened as to the nature and penalties of the articles of war, and finally placed under espionage during the remainder of the general's stay in town.

From this time onward she devoted herself to the task of furnishing information to the supporters of the Lost Cause. Scores of times she was placed under temporary arrest, and on two occasions she was incarcerated for months in the Old Capitol and Carroll prisons at Washington. Oftentimes she was found in the middle of the hottest fights, but, although on many occasions her clothing was literally riddled with bullets, she invariably escaped personal injury. It is related of her that on one occasion, when taken prisoner, she was taken before Gen. Butler, at Fortress Monroe. Observing her agitation, Ben remarked:

"Pray be seated. But why do you tremble so. Are you frightened?"

"No, ah—that is, yes, Gen. Butler, I must acknowledge that I do feel frightened in the presence of a man of such worldwide reputation as yourself," was her reply.

"What do you mean?" remarked the general, as he rubbed his hands together and smiled benignly.

"I mean, Gen. Butler," she replied, "that you are a man whose atrocious conduct and brutality, especially to Southern ladies, is so infamous that even the British parliament commented upon it. I naturally feel alarmed at being in your presence."

With rage depicted upon every lineament of his features, the general arose from the table and ordered her to be taken from the room.

During her residence in Washington "Belle Boyd" formed an intimate acquaintance with President Lincoln, and a friendly correspondence was kept up between the two during greater portion of the war. On one occasion her letter paper was adorned with the Confederate motto, a snake entwined around a Confederate flag, and the inscription, "Don't tread on us, or we will bite." When Lincoln replied to the missive, he sent back the motto with "bite" erased and the word "bust" substituted.

Broken down in health and bereaved by the loss of her father, who died in the endeavor to effect her release from captivity, "Belle Boyd" determined to leave for foreign shores, and in May, 1864, she embarked on the Greyhound at North Carolina as the bearer of important dispatches from Jefferson Davis and Judah P. Benjamin to the friends of the cause in London. In endeavoring to run the blockade, however, the Greyhound was captured by a United States steamer. Belle Boyd was taken to Boston, kept a prisoner for some time, and finally banished to Canada. From there she went to England, where she passed the second epoch of her life. She was married at the aristocratic church of St. James, Piccadilly, received with open arms in titled society, became a widow, and finally, having a natural talent for the theatrical profession, took to the stage.

Probably no person in the country has been afflicted with so many "troubles" as this lady. Since her return to America and marriage to Col. J. S. Hammond, an English gentleman, once a member of the noted "Louisiana Tigers," she has completely sunk her dentity with that of her husband, and with the exception of a few occasions, when she has appeared upon the platform as the talented reader and elocutionist "Maria Isabel Hammond," her mind has been engrossed with domestic affairs. Yet

every few months she is vexed and annoyed by coming across the announcement that "Belle Boyd," the ex-confederate spy, had turned up in some part of the country. Now the pretender is being entertained by some prominent Southerner, again she is in distress, and soliciting aid. Several years ago one of these bogies, "Belles" visited Atlanta on a lecturing tour, and was denounced by Capt. St. Clair Abrams, of the News as an impostor. Next morning she proceeded to the office and demanded satisfaction, which, being refused, she proceeded to draw a couple of Derringers, but was seized before the weapons could be pointed. Since that time she has not turned up in Georgia. The latest pretender turned up in Waxahachie a few weeks ago under the name of Mrs. Murphy, and according to the Enterprise of that place, was engaged in writing a history of her life, but a brief and pointed epistle to a prominent citizen of that place has probably by this time put a quietus on her pretensions. As long ago as 1876, the masons of Martinsburg, Ga., found it necessary to send a circular to the craft all over the country, warning them against persons pretending to be the daughter of their deceased brother, B. R. Boyd, Esq. The genuine "Belle Boyd" has just completed a play, which is highly spoken of, and contemplated making her entree upon the stage in this city in the coming autumn.

## GENERAL JAMES LONGSTREET.

What Lee's First Lieutenant, After Jackson's Death, Has to Say about the Battle of Gettysburg, the Greatest of the War.

The following is an interesting interview with Gen. James Longstreet, now at his home in Georgia, by a correspondent of the Philadelphia Press:

### HOW GETTYSBURG WAS FOUGHT.

"If Chickamauga was not, which was the greatest battle of the war?"

"Gettysburg, both in numbers slain and in decisive results. That was the greatest battle of the war, and I shall never forget its details. If you remember, we had a brisk contest on the first of July. Lee's advance and the troops covering the federal rear were engaged. After this brush the federal forces moved up and took position upon Cemetery Hill, and began throwing up breastworks. Lee moved up and took position directly in front. Ewell, A. P. Hill and myself commanded the three corps of Lee's army. I came up, joined Lee, and looked over the position taken by the federals. I had ordered my corps around to the right of the Cemetery Hill, and as I looked over the field I said to General Lee:

"They could not have taken a more advantageous position for us."

"The federal troops had a naturally strong place, but we could have thrown our troops around to the right, and I had ordered, more in that direction, supposing that our plan would be to take a position between Cemetery Hill and Washington and wait for an attack. After I had looked a few minutes, General Lee said:

"What would you do?"

"Throw the troops around the right flank of the federal army and take a position between them and Washington, and you can thus force them to come out and attack you?"

"The Army of the Potomac and the Army of Northern Virginia were too evenly matched in numbers and powers to admit of any mistakes. The army which had the best position forcing the other to attack was almost sure of success. Between these two armies at that day generalship was all important. No two armies more evenly matched ever faced each other. That was why I wanted the advantage of position, and defense, rather than attack. We had gained a temporary advantage in the fight of July 1st and our soldiers were in good spirits. When Lee looked upon the field he thought he could assault the position taken by the federals, and replying to my suggestion to move to the right, said:

"No, I will strike them where they are right between the eyes."

"This was in the evening, and I saw he had his mind in the direction of assault and I did not urge him to adopt my plan. I saw him at daylight in the morning, intending to try to get him to reconsider his plan of direct attack, or, rather, hoping that he would have done so himself during the night. Some time was spent in social talk and I had an idea that he had abandoned the thought of direct assault. I had, nevertheless, the night before withdrawn my troops from the direction in which they were marching and put them in position to meet General Lee's plan if he should decide to carry it out. He had said nothing about his plans for so long that I thought he had concluded not to attack, when all at once he looked up and said:

"Longstreet, you must make the attack."

"General Lee, there is not 15,000 troops that ever marshaled under a flag that can make that attack and succeed," I replied. "I have a mile of open ground to march over before I can reach the enemy's position."

"No, it is not a mile—not more than 1,000 or 1,500 yards."

"I saw his mind was made up, and, mounting my horse, rode out to my command and ordered the advance. That whole day the two divisions under my command bore the brunt of the attack upon the entrenched position of the federal army at Gettysburg."

"Why didn't Hill's and Ewell's corps come to your relief?"

"It was partly General Lee's fault, but very much Ewell's and Hill's fault. Before Stonewall Jackson was killed he and I commanded the corps of Lee's army. We understood each other perfectly, and Lee understood us. All he ever did was to give us his plans and we executed them. He never thought of interfering with us after he had explained his wishes. No army in the world was ever better organized than Lee's army when Jackson was alive. He and I were in perfect accord. We could tell by the firing of our troops exactly each other's position and there was a co-operation and community of feeling between us rarely known among military commanders. It was a terrible blow to the confederacy when Jackson was killed. At Gettysburg, Lee seemed to forget that Jackson was not there, and after explaining to Hill, Ewell and myself his plan he left it to us to execute, but neither of them had Jackson's coolness, foresight or execution. The result was for a whole day my two divisions did the work of that terrible conflict and the carnage was fearful. I lost more men than at Chickamauga. Hancock's, Sickles' and Sedgwick's commands were all engaged against us. To ward night one of the other corps had a slight engagement and occupied some entrenchments on the right which had been abandoned. The result of the second day's

fighting I need not refer to. The damage had been done, and the mistake made up on the first day, when a direct assault was made."

Here General Longstreet took from his pocket a memorandum of a letter from General Lee which read:

"If I had taken your advice the result would have been different at Gettysburg." "At Metz during the Franco-Prussian war identically the same situation between the French and Prussian armies was presented as between ours at Gettysburg. I was in New Orleans then and had a map of the country before me. When the French army moved to Metz, leaving Rheims, Von Moltke saw his advantage and moved his army between Metz and Rheims. When that move was made I said to several gentlemen who were watching the progress of that war with me, that there was the position of Gettysburg over again, but that Von Moltke had taken advantage of the movement from Rheims to Metz and was master of the situation. He was nearer Rheims and nearer Paris than the French commander and if we had made the same move at Gettysburg we would have been nearer to Washington or Philadelphia than Meade and could have forced him to attack us. If we had moved to the right of Cemetery Hill and taken position between it and Washington the results of Gettysburg would have been different. Less than a week after Von Moltke moved into the position I speak of MacMahon was a prisoner and war between the two powers was virtually at an end."

## AT MORNING.

"Tis peace of morning twilight;  
Before me lies a day,  
Begun a cloudless beauty  
Along a peaceful way.  
So fair a gift the Father  
Hath given unto me;  
So pure a gift, I tremble  
Lest it should sulle be.

As past its rosy portals  
My feet may onward go,  
What it shall bring ere nightfall  
I'm glad I do not know.  
I sorrow or if singing  
Shall speed or stay the hours;  
If frown shall chill, or smiling  
Bring cheer like Maytime flowers.

What fierce and unwon battles  
My soul's all wage alone,  
If those I love the dearest  
At eventide be gone!  
I'er the sunset curtains  
With glory all the West,  
I hear the waited summons  
From out the land of rest,  
Or, if I yet shall linger  
In this dear world, so far  
I ask not; but that peace like this  
May wait me here and there!

## A FAMOUS TEXAN DESPERADO.

Ben Thompson's Adventures—One of the Contemporaries of John Wesley Hardin—A True History of Rustlers as Reckless as Any to be Found.

From the Philadelphia Press.

In Austin, the capital of Texas, lives a noted character who has probably killed as many men as John Wesley Hardin, whose career was sketched in these columns a few weeks ago, but he is a type of a different species of desperado. Ben Thompson is the keeper of the leading gambling saloon on Commerce street. Met here in Philadelphia he would be set down as a mild-mannered dry-goods clerk or possibly a young student of divinity. His hands are

as white as those of a lady, and his drooping moustache, mild eyes and natty appearance are never associated in our mind with our idea of the Texan ruffian. Ben is of slight figure and of so little physical strength that his wife and diminutive boy in romping with him can throw him down and hold him, but when you come to the matter of pistols Ben is a phenomenon in his way. No man in Texas can draw quicker, and none is his superior in marksmanship. He considers himself certain to hit a man every time at a hundred yards and I wouldn't give him the opportunity to test the matter at that distance for any earthly inducement. Ben is English by birth and is thirty-seven years old. He came to this country when very small. His mother was killed by a runaway slave and Ben and his brother Bill developed a talent for shooting at a tender age. He once made an effort to enumerate all the shooting affairs in which he had been engaged, but was compelled to give it up. The most that he could do was to recall those that proved fatal.

"Ben once did me a good service," said a school teacher, to me. "I went into a gambling saloon down at Palestine and everything was going along right and the house was pretty late, when all at once one of the biggest bullies in Texas accused me of cheating. It was untrue, for I never cheated at cards. I am a highly moral man and an instructor of youth and when I gamble I do so on the square. I differed from the gentleman, but what did he do but just level his six-shooter at me and say he would give me precisely two minutes in which to say my prayers." The period was altogether too short for me to compose my mind in; I hadn't any weapon with me, and if I had he had the drop on me, so I made up my mind there was no help for me and that the time had come for me to go up higher; but some one just then said in a quiet voice: "I guess I wouldn't." The bully and myself looked around at the same instant and saw Ben Thompson, with his pistol pointed at my executioner. "Oh, he's a friend of yours, is he?" said the latter, with which he shoved his pistol back in his pocket. I appreciate that sort of favor, as any man would, especially as I had never before spoken to Ben and he had not the honor of my acquaintance."

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before spoken to Ben and he had not the honor of my acquaintance."

Thompson, when only a boy, entered the confederate service, but soon quarreled with a lieutenant, who struck him. Thompson instantly shot him dead. For this he

was imprisoned in the guard house and fastened with a chain to the floor while awaiting court-martial. The confinement so infuriated him that he set fire to the guard house, taking the chance of burning to death and escaped. Some time after he went to Mexico, where he served under Maximilian. He did more individual shooting on his own account than he did for the unfortunate Austrian. He occasionally went out to hunt up deserters. If they were disposed to argue the question with Captain Thompson, he usually brought matters to a full stop by punctuating the discussion with a ball from his pistol.

Up the Missouri at a small town, Bill

Thompson, while under the influence of liquor, got into a difficulty, shot a man and defied the authorities. All the officers in the place were summoned to effect the arrest, and Bill took refuge in a grocery

store, where Ben went to his assistance. Each had rifle, and barricading the front, they shot down all who approached.

The sheriff, who was endeavoring to persuade Bill to give himself up, approached for the purpose of trying further argument, when Bill fired and struck the officer in the side. He spun round on his feet several times and fell dying to the ground, calling the name of his wife. The mistake was a dreadful one and Ben was angered. Turning to his brother, he told him, with considerable profanity, that he had shot his best friend and was too drunk to take care of himself.

This siege was maintained until late at night, when Ben stole out the rear of the store, brought up a horse, mounted his brother upon it and got safely away. Two years later Bill Thompson surrendered himself to the authorities, was tried and acquitted.

A short time after Ben was down at Laredo, on the Rio Grande, where he played until night, when trouble arose. The majority of the crowd were Mexicans and on the instant every one drew his pistol and the cheerful pop, pop was heard in every direction. The lights were extinguished, and in complete darkness the fusilade went on. It may be said that it was Thompson against the whole crowd, for nearly all of them were shooting at him. The very second the lights were out Ben darted to one of the deep windows in the adobe wall from which he fired at random. The bullets were hurtling all around, but none struck him. After awhile, when it became evident he could not keep concealed much longer, he leaped out the window swam the Rio Grande and got back home without a scratch.

One quiet, moonlight evening he was at his house in Austin, romping with his little boy, when Captain Rabb came running up, almost breathless, and asked Ben to defend him. The captain was slightly wounded and both thumbs were bleeding from the continued and furious shooting of his pistols. His story was that Lieutenant Coombs and a dozen cow-boys were in the streets and were hunting for him. Coombs had taken enough liquor to make a Jim Currie of him and he swore that the captain should never see the sun rise. They had exchanged shots, but when Rabb found the cow-boys were at the lieutenant's back and they were determined upon assassinating him, he fled to Thompson for help.

Ben's mother and wife begged him not to go, as the captain could remain at their house and would be safe. Ben, however, did not wait to put on hat or coat, but, catching up his revolver, said if he knew his own heart, and he thought he did, that was the kind of business that he liked, and the two started on a gentle run down the slope to the main street of Austin.

Lieutenant Coombs was on the rampage that night, as may be said. He had mounted his horse and was riding up and down the street, shouting for Captain Rabb, while the mounted cow-boys were howling at his back equally clamorous for a victim. Finding that the captain had vanished, the lieutenant then yelled for Ben Thompson, demanding that some one should bring him forth that the lieutenant might show the citizens how artistically he would end his existence.

"Show me Ben Thompson!" he called out, bringing his horse to a standstill in the middle of the street. "I'll give a hundred dollars to the fellow who will trot out the coward; won't some one show me Ben Thompson?"

"Here he is."

The answer came from a small man, bare-headed and in his shirt sleeves, who appeared at that moment on the pavement.

Instantly the crowd saw what was coming and fell back. Ben advanced into the street.

"Are you Ben Thompson?" asked the horseman, looking contemptuously down upon him.

"That's my name; open the music."

Lieutenant Coombs fired his pistol and the ball grazed the face of Ben, who instantly returned the shot and Coombs fell dead from his horse. Immediately another shot was fired, and the mustang upon which the lieutenant had been seated, reared wildly, plunged a few steps and fell dead. Thompson then wheeled toward the cow-boys who were coming up, and opened fire on them. He shot at random, but he struck one

# The Bismarck Tribune.

## WEATHER BULLETIN.

The following, reported specially for the TRIBUNE, shows the condition of the weather at the various points mentioned, at 9:30 last evening:

Station.	Tempera-ture.	Direction of Wind.	Velocity of Wind.	State of the Weather
Bismarck.	64	N	8	Fair.
Fl. Stevenson	61	N	3	Cloudy.
Fl. Buford...	60	NE	3	Clear

Stevenson, fell two inches.  
Buford, river rose one inch.  
Mountrail, river rose slightly.

C. CRAMER.  
Sergeant Signal Corps, U. S. A.

## LOCAL LEAVINGS.

Peterson, Veeder & Co.'s new prescription drug store, open day and night.

C. P. Hallett, dealer in Bluebeies, Brainerd, Minn.

Rev. Browne, of St. Paul, is preaching in the M. E. church to large congregations.

Den Howe & Co. are painting new scenery and otherwise beautifying the Arcarde Garden.

Orders promptly filled for Blueberries, C. P. HALLETT, Brainerd, Minn.

The deeds are nearly ready for delivery to the purchasers of the two hundred or more town lots at Steele.

The Bismarck gun club are improving and will be in good shape for the match with the Mandan club on the 26th.

The Standard Mower is the best made. See it before you buy.

W. H. THURSTON & Co.

Preparations are being made for an excursion to Painted Woods or some other point up the river, by the Catholic church people.

D. W. Maratta is now wishing to die. He has seen the beautiful Curlew valley and the famous Eagle's Nest on the extension.

Fargo is to have a fair at which some of the attractions of the great Minneapolis Fair, which immediately precedes it, will be reproduced. Why not Bismarck?

The farmers of Bismarck and vicinity are requested to carefully save choice samples of grain of this season's growth for exhibition at the Minneapolis fair.

Blueberries shipped by express C. O. D. to all points of N. P. R. R. Parties unknown must send references.

C. P. HALLETT, Brainerd, Minn.

The increase of travel on the Dakota division of the North Pacific road is daily noticeable. Every train that arrives at Bismarck has more passengers than any of its predecessors.

At the glass ball shoot last evening, the scores were as follows: Falconer, 2; Bigelow, 11; Van Epps, 10; Wetherby, 6; Benicke, 10; Howe, 14; Bell, 12; Plants, 6; Schaffer, 0. The club shoots again at 6:30 this evening.

Geo. H. Thomas, a well-known resident of Burleigh county, was at the land office yesterday engaged in giving evidence and being cross-examined relative to his title to a pre-emption claim near the 17th siding. It will take several days to receive all the evidence and decide the case.

Fargo, being desirous of emulating the famous display made by Bismarck and Burleigh county at the Minneapolis fair last year will endeavor to follow her example by making this year a display of the products of the Red River Valley. A site for a building has been selected and a structure to cost \$300 will at once be erected.

Officer Waldron recently found a crazy man hanging about a barn in the outskirts of the city and at once took him in charge, and has since had him confined in the county jail. He refuses to give his name or any clue to his identity. As soon as he is formally pronounced insane he will be sent to the Territorial asylum at Yankton.

There was a special meeting of the City Council held yesterday afternoon for the purpose of appointing judges for the special election to be held Wednesday July 27th. No other business was transacted. Judges were named as follows: First ward—Geo. H. Fairchild, Vincent Wilhelm and John Whalen. Second ward—Arthur S. Brown, R. R. Marsh, M. Eppinger. Third ward—W. B. Watson, P. F. Malloy and Wm. Franklin.

J. W. Millet was in the city to-day and left at the TRIBUNE office specimens of white Russian wheat which was indeed excellent. He sowed last year one pound which yielded four bushels. This was sown this spring on six acres. The stools ran from twenty-five to thirty stalks each, many of them as high as fifty stalks from a single grain. The grain averages four feet in height and the heads are fully five inches in length. The heads are plump and full. The grasshoppers have nibbled the leaves but do not appear to have damaged the grain.

any to speak of. The oats have been injured considerably, Mr. Millet thinks about three bushels to the acre. He has twenty acres of market garden which is uninjured and his corn stands waist high and promises to yield more than an average crop. The varieties of corn used is yellow dent and Campion's early. He speaks of the crops of his neighborhood and thinks none excepting the oats have been injured by grasshoppers.

## PURELY PERSONAL.

Mrs. G. A. Helmier, of Duluth, is at the Merchants.

Edward A. Stroud, of Reading, Pa., is at the Merchants.

Frederick Short, of Chicago, came in last evening from the east.

J. W. Seaman, of Quincy, Ill., arrived from the east last evening.

Mr. Maloney, a lawyer of considerable ability, who recently arrived from the east, has gone into business with John Stoyall.

T. C. Power, the king of steamboat proprietors, is in the city, and registered as from Montana. That is covering a good deal of ground, but for that very thing Mr. Power is noted. Nothing less than an entire territory will contain his enterprise. He represents business enough to constitute several states.

W. F. Steele made his first visit to Bismarck yesterday since becoming a bridegroom, and it took him several hours to receive the congratulations of his numerous friends. There are none more deserving of happiness and prosperity than he. He reports the sale of over \$1,000 of lots in his new townsite, and will commence work on the new elevator to-day.

## The Right Kind of Talk.

A member of the Villard party writes to a gentleman in New York of his trip to Bismarck, and uses the following language:

For 350 miles east from Bismarck the soil is the best I ever saw, and there is none better, and the rapidity of settlement is wonderful. The quantity of land plowed for the first time this year is immense. It extends back twenty miles from the railroad, and it is not uncommon to see 1,000 emigrants distributed along the line in one day. Many of them live in tents until houses can be erected.

The sanguine statements of the projectors of the North Pacific enterprise are tame by the side of the actual facts.

Every acre of wheat sown brings a revenue of \$3 a year to the railroad on wheat alone.

This is without reference to the transportation of the materials consumed by the people. This fact, in connection with rapid settlement of the country, will soon give an enormous income.

The Union and Central Pacific are earning about \$45,000,000 per annum, and paying about 6 per cent. on \$100,000,000.

One hundred miles of the Dakota division of the North Pacific has more good wheat land than the Union and Central Pacific have between Omaha and San Francisco. The local traffic in this region will soon be of immense proportions, and it seems to me that holders of North Pacific securities have as big a bargain as had the owners of the Oregon Navigation company. The reasons that made Chicago & Northwestern so valuable are operating on the North Pacific with greater rapidity.

You may think I am too enthusiastic. All I have to say is come and see for yourself. Seeing is believing.

## Distinguished Visitors.

The express car No. 90 of the North Pacific road, was attached to last evening's train, and contained a distinguished party, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. ex-Vice-President Schuyler Colfax, Mr. and Mrs. Col. N. N. Tyner, of Fargo, and Mr. and Mrs. T. P. Haughey, of Indianapolis. Mr. Colfax was tendered a reception in behalf of the Odd Fellows of Fargo night before last, and upon arriving at Bismarck was enthusiastic upon the subject of the evidences of development and improvement that he everywhere saw, at and between the two metropolitan cities at either end of the Dakota division. During the evening Mr. Colfax and party informally met several of the citizens of Bismarck, and the genial ex-Vice President took occasion to review the mosquito and other incidents of former trips and to publicly give renewed assurance of the faith of a grand future prosperity for North Dakota, which faith has constantly abided with him since his first visit to Bismarck more than ten years ago. The party leaves this morning for Mandan, Glendive and the end of the track, and will return to Bismarck Saturday evening.

## Verdict in the Livingston Case.

The body of William S. Livingston, recently shot by E. G. Padlock, at the Convent Little Missouri, was buried yesterday. The following special telegram, giving the verdict of the jury, was received by the TRIBUNE too late for publication yesterday morning.

CANTONMENT, July 18.—We, the under-

signed, after due deliberation, find that the deceased, William S. Livingston, came to his death by a gun wound at the hands of E. G. Padlock. We further agree from the nature of the evidence given that E. G. Padlock acted in self defense and hold him justified in the shooting.

N. C. MINER,  
Foreman of Jury

Mart Burschall, George Goldstein, Frank Sullivan, Isaac Franklinfield, Charles Brown.

## Arrival of the Butte.

The steamer Butte, of the Benton P. Line, arrived at the levee at 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon, having had a quick, pleasant and profitable trip from Benton. Mr. A. M. Johnson, master, and J. A. Hayes, clerk, did all in their power to make the trip a pleasant one for the large number of passengers, of which the following persons were ticketed to Bismarck:

Mr. C. Medges and wife, Theo. Shenkenberg, Mrs. J. B. Clifton, C. B. Gibson, S. T. Cameron, A. E. Grissell, G. W. Hale, H. C. Smith, N. Hall, William Kelley, H. C. Williams, Fred Neupert, Mrs. Morris Goodman and family, Adam Shide, Isaac Miller, Miss Josie Power, Miss Maggie Carroll, Miss Sallie Tuttle, Miss C. L. McAfee, J. Kauffman, G. L. Ginder, J. C. Robbins, S. W. Shepherd, E. J. Malbone, William Lippman, John Murphy, Dr. R. J. Hill, Mrs. W. B. Shaw, Mrs. S. Winston, Mrs. W. S. Wetzell.

Following is a brief extract from the "log" of the Butte: July 13. str. Butte left Fort Benton at 4 p. m.; met str. Nellie Peck at Shonkey at 4:30 p. m.; July 14, met str. Benton at Dauphin's Rapids 10 a. m. July 15, met str. Josephine at Fort Peck 4 p. m.; str. Red Cloud at Galpin 5 p. m.; str. Gov. Sherman at Porcupine 6 p. m. July 16, met str. Far West at Poplar River 12 m. July 17, met str. C. K. Peck at Cut Off 10:30 a. m.; str. Eclipse at Grinnells 1 p. m.; str. Helena at Tide Creek 4 p. m. July 18, met str. Dacotah at Merrills 9 a. m.

Among the principal items of freight for Chicago, New York Minneapolis, Detroit, St. Paul and Prairie du Chien firms, were the following items: 5 bales skins, 1 bale skins, 110 bags wool, 133 beef hides, 4 bales skins, 25 sacks wool, 20 bales robes, 16 pkgs H H goods, 1 box, 54 bales sheep pelts, 1 box, 2 bales robes, 1 Indian bow and 1 pkg buffalo tongue.

## List of Letters

Remaining in the Postoffice at Bismarck, D. T., July 16, 1881, and if not called for in 30 days will be sent to the Dead Letter office, Washington, D. C.

Baker Mrs. Eliza McElvany Alexander

Baker Maj'r A. D. McDonald Caleb 2

Bauer Mrs. Neilia McIntyre Francis

Boyd W. D. McDonald Jennie

Brown Wm. McDonough Kitty

Chamberlain Isaac McDonald Owen

Feller Mrs. Emma McGarrab Robert

Fisher Mollie Pilbeam Edward 3

Force Mrs. M. E. Peterson L

Griffith Delwin Refferty Alice

Ganz Edward Redman J. D.

Goutz Geo. W. Spain Nellie

Homan Joseph Southworth O. F.

Hymers T. M. Smith D. R.

Higgins Katie Saddes Charley 8

Johns Dood Sep James

Jewett J. H. Whitney Clara 3

Kearney John M. Wheeler Dr. H. M. 3

Lemire Ira 8 Williams Lucy

Luck John Weil E.

Lyda Mary 3 Young Myra

Persons calling for the above letters will please say "advertised."

C. A. LOUNSBERRY, P. M.

Vermillion is building up very fast, and was never so wide awake as now.

In the Whole History of Medicine

No preparation has ever performed such marvelous cures, or maintained so wide a reputation as Ayer's CHERRY PECTORAL, which is recognized as the world's remedy for all diseases of the throat and lungs. Its long continued series of wonderful cures in all climates has made it universally known as a safe and reliable agent to employ. Against ordinary colds, which are the forerunners of more serious disorders, it acts speedily and surely, always relieving suffering, and often saving life. The protection it affords, by its timely use in the throat and lung disorders of children, makes it an invaluable remedy to be kept always on hand in every home. No person can afford to be without it, and those who have once used it never will.

From its knowledge of its composition and effects, Physicians use Ayer's CHERRY PECTORAL extensively in their practice, and clergymen recommend it. It is absolutely certain in its medicinal effects, and will always cure where cures are possible. For sale by all druggists.

How to Secure Health.

It seems strange that anyone will suffer from the many derangements brought on by an impure condition of the blood, when SCOVILL'S SARSAPARILLA AND STILLINGIA, or BLOOD AND LIVER SYRUP will restore perfect health to the physical organization. It is indeed a strengthening syrup, pleasant to take, and has proven itself to be the best Blood Purifier ever discovered, effectually curing Scrofula, Syphilis disorders, Weakness of the Kidneys, Erysipelas, Malaria; all Nervous disorders and Debility. Bilious complaints and all diseases indicating an impure condition of the blood, liver, kidneys, stomach, skin, etc. It corrects indigestion. A single bottle will prove to you its merits as a health renewer, for it acts like a charm, especially when the complaint is of an exhaustive nature, having a tendency to lessen the natural vigor of the brain and nervous system.

HENRY'S CARBOLIC SALVE.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, tetter, chapped hands, blisters, burns and all kinds of skin eruptions, fructics and pimples. The salve is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction in every case or money refunded. Be sure you get Henry's Carbolic Salve, as all others are but imitations. Price 25 cents. For sale by all druggists. Hylow.

has been kept UNCHANGED in all of its original quality and composition. The best evidence of its SAFETY, HEALTHFULNESS, Purity, and EFFECTIVENESS is in THE FAITH OF its being used to-day, from North to South, from East to West, in the homes of the rich and poor, where it has been used for the last 15 years.

PURE FRUIT ACID BAKING POWDER.

NEVER SOLD IN BULK.

Made by STEELE & PRICE,

Manufacturers of Lupulin Yeast Gems, Special Flavering Extracts, etc., Chicago and St. Louis.

## LAND NOTICES.

### Notice of Final Proof.

LAND OFFICE at Bismarck, D. T., July 1st 1881.

Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and secure final entry thereof on the 5th day of August, 1881, at 10 o'clock a. m., viz:

James H. Michener.

D. S. No. 358, for the S. E. 1/4 and Lot 3 of the N. W. 1/4 and the S. E. 1/4 of Sec. 4 Twp. 139 N. Range 72 W., and names the following as his witnesses, viz.: S. E. Repler, J. D. Thompson, E. J. Raymond, L. C. Rhoads, all of Dawson, Kidder Co. D. T. The testimony will be taken before the Register and Receiver at Bismarck, on the 5th day of August, A. D. 1881, at his office.